

Silent Worker

A MAGAZINE FOR THE DEAF, BY THE DEAF AND ABOUT THE DEAF

Vol. XXXI. No. 9

Trenton, N. J., June, 1919

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Hospital No. 11, Cape May, N. J.

By Mrs. GEORGE T. SANDERS



Miss Joiner and Sergeant Lockwood



Miss Freeman and Pvt. Parker



Miss Rockwell and Pvt. Robison

WHILE great battles were raging in France, officials here in America were planning and making ready for the reception and care of casualties eventually to come. Here and there, sprang up hospitals, fully equipped, some for one particular line of disability, others to be called "General Hospitals."

As the casualties began to arrive in America, the layman's attention was called to the locations of these hospitals, so, naturally, the little world of speech-teachers and lip-readers speculated upon the probable location of the school for the instruction of deafened soldiers. That these soldiers should be taught speech-reading was a foregone conclusion—no other method was suitable.

Surely the number of deafened soldiers would be very large! From reports of deafened soldiers returning to Canada, Australia, Great Britain, etc., many believed the number returning to this country would exceed 60,000. These reports proved to be greatly exaggerated probably due to the fact that many soldiers were injured in such a way as to make them deaf or partly deaf for a few hours or a few days only. The army surgeons have also been able to restore the hearing of many. At present, fifty-nine men are enrolled and two waiting assignment. Thirty-six of these are in the lip-reading section and twenty-three in the defective speech section. The teachers are working twenty-eight and half hours a week. Another teacher, Miss Margaret Roberts, has recently been appointed as the force could not handle the sixty-one men. Ten teachers have taught 133 men in nine months.



Instructors in Section of Defects of Speech and Hearing



The two Sailors Havnig Instruction in Lip-Reading



Men From Both Sections

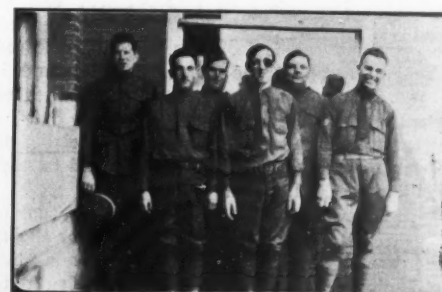
This would make an average of between fifteen and twenty men per year to the teacher. The total number enrolled has been 134. Ninety-nine of which were deaf and thirty-five aphasics, defective speech cases, stammerers, etc. Over 90% of these men have been overseas. All of these

soldiers have been treated at U. S. General Hospital No. 11, Cape May, N. J., where the writer had the privilege of a week's observation.

Miss Enfield Joiner, successor of Captain Arthur C. Manning as principal of the "Department of Speech-Teaching and Speech Defects," has a most efficient corps of teachers and the success of their labors in behalf of their pupils is a flaming feather in the cap of their method of instruction. Surely if one visited the classrooms to scoff, one would remain to praise.

The way the soldiers take to speech-reading is little short of miraculous. In these days of swift mastery and accomplishment, it might be "Speech-reading taught while you wait! Satisfaction guaranteed!" In fact, the shortest period in which some soldiers mastered the art was six weeks! This seems incredible but it is true. This fact strengthens the writer's conviction that many hearing people read the lips unconsciously, so that when deafness overtakes them, the transition from hearing speech to seeing it is imperceptible; it explains the rapidity with which they become expert speech-readers.

It is interesting to know that no particular method is strictly followed. The Mueller-Walle is used as a guide and anything that is good from any other method is also employed. It was soon discovered that the less science used, the better the result. No attempt is used to teach the position of the vocal organs, the science of speech, etc. Class work has not proved successful. If the pupil or patient, as he might be called, is in good physical condition, he is given three periods



Group of Men From Section



In this magnificent hotel the deafened soldiers are taught lip-reading

a day of three-quarters of an hour each. No teacher can handle more than two pupils. Of course, there are some who cannot take the three periods, they have to remain longer.

Each is instructed separately, having two or more lessons a day, every day except Sunday, this being considered the simplest and quickest way encouraging absolute concentration and with many hundreds of soldiers to say nothing of officials, nurses, attendants and visitors within the hospital walls and without, there is ample opportunity for practice, the degree of improvement depending upon the pupil's intelligence, education and ambition. Of all those whom the writer met, only one expressed depression and grief over his disability, but what wonder! Although he had been a resident of Pittsburg eight years, his home and daily life were in the Italian quarters so that he had picked up very little English. He is now being taught to speak and write the English language and his mind has the difficult task of thinking in Italian, changing to English and trying to read lips speaking English. He reads speech fairly well; later, when he has overcome his handicaps, he will be as cheerful and optimistic as the rest.

It is a peculiar fact that the colored men are the quickest to learn speech-reading; the slowest are those who are recovering from cerebro-spinal meningitis or from aphasia.

Before concluding, I wish to call the attention of teachers of the deaf to the work of the surgeons at this hospital. They find that running ears can usually be cured in a short time. Four or five different medicines are employed for this purpose. Often medicines that will work on one person will have no effect on another. Sometimes medicines that will cure one ear will have no effect on the other ear of the same person. If, after a few weeks treatment, no improvement can be seen, immediate operation is always recommended. The operation consists of removing the diseased tissue and scraping the bone. I understand if this is not done soon, the bone becomes diseased and will in time infect the brain. It is my opinion that it would be advisable to have a specialist on the staff of each school who would attend to such cases among the little children.

As encouragement to the instructors, comes many a letter expressing gratitude for being saved from a distressing situation—one-sided communication with brother-beings. Truth to say, Mr. Hearing Man, true to these times, is

always in a hurry—he does not often understand the position of the deaf—is embarrassed, often unconsciously thoughtless even appallingly stupid, but we will grant that he is never deliberately unkind. The ability to read the lips, it matters not what the degree, will be a blessing to the deafened soldier. The world owes more than one debt to Dr. Bell!

This work has so impressed several of the leading instructors of the deaf that they have been seriously considering the proposition of giving this intensive training to their pupils during the last year of school, after the pupils have acquired their language. This would give them more time for language work and would turn out effective lip-readers. I have seen some of these soldiers who could neither read nor write, repeat after their teachers sentences in many foreign languages. They repeated them perfectly without knowing the meaning of what they were saying or without knowing what language they were speaking.

After close observation in the classrooms, one

would be convinced that it is of the greatest importance that the instructors shall be possessed of perfect hearing. The inducements to deafness were extraordinary; voices changed, and were even lost. A number of the soldiers were victims of aphasia, in some cases, complete, and were necessarily being taught the elements of speech as if they were children. The powers that be exercised the greatest care in the selection of instructors.

With the number of cases of deafness now decreasing, the school will probably close in the near future and each soldier is directed to continue his lessons in the nearest school for the hard-of-hearing and as such schools have sprung up all over the United States, there should be no reason why the initial instruction received at Cape May should not be carried to the finish or the efforts of instructors be in vain.

Teachers of Lip-Reading

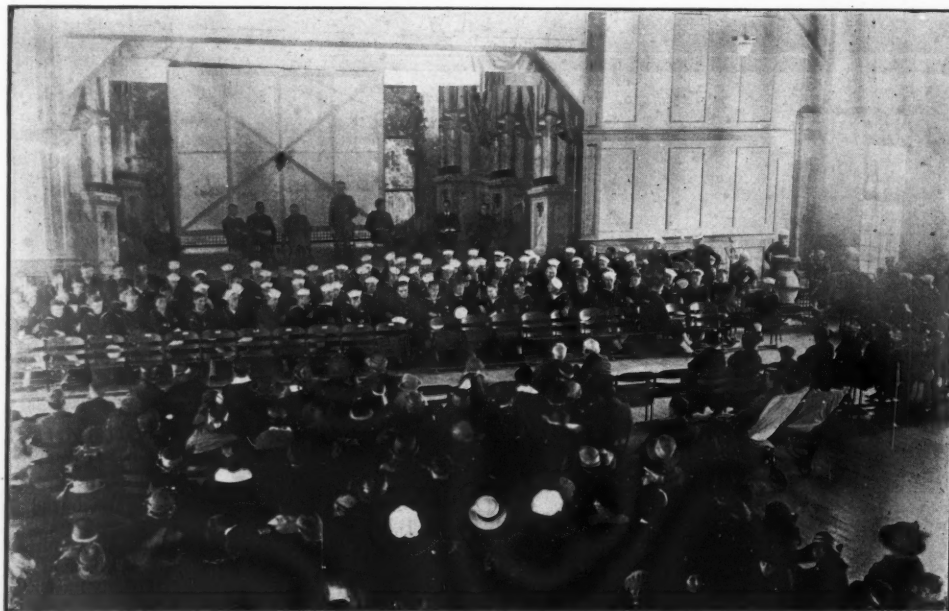
- Miss Enfield Joiner, of Talladega, Ala. (N. C. School.)
- Miss Margaret Bodycomb, of Wilkesbarre, Pa. (Mt. Airy School.)
- Miss Lula May Bruce, of Danville, Ky. (Ky. School.)
- Miss Doris Freeman, of Grand Rapids, Mich. (Grand Rapids Day School.)
- Miss Susan Norris, of Cynwyd, Ga. (Ga. School.)
- Miss Margaret Roberts, of Danville, Ky. (Oregon School.)
- Miss Clara Louise Rockwell, of Brighton, N. Y. (Mt. Airy School.)
- Miss Mary Louise Wimsatt, of Washington City, (Adult lip-reading.)

Teachers Correcting Defective Speech

- Miss Katherine O'Connell, N. Y. City, (N. Y. City Hearing School.)
- Miss Esta V. Pastel, N. Y. City, (N. Y. City Hearing School.)
- Miss Mary Thornton, N. Y. City, (N. Y. City Clinics.)

Those who had seen the Russian ballet dance at the Orpheum a couple of weeks ago will be surprised to learn that one of the dancers is a deaf mute.

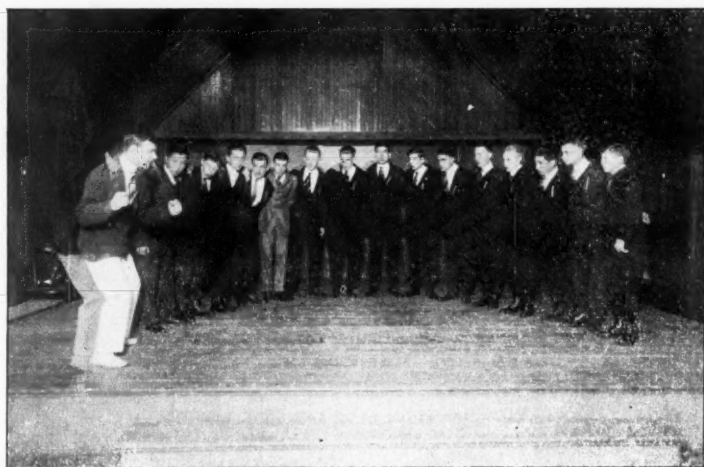
He danced so gracefully that no one would suspect he is minus the sense of hearing. He was educated at one of the deaf schools in New York, and his name is David Marvel. He was found to be a very pleasant fellow by some of the local deaf. He is on the Orpheum circuit, and the deaf in the other cities should look him up and give him the glad hand. He is traveling with Theodore Kodloff's Russian Ballet Company.—*The Echo*.



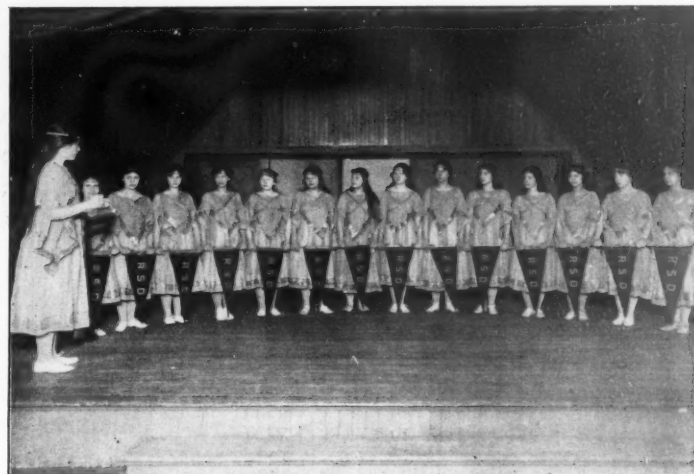
Lieut. Gawkey (deaf) Speaking at a Victory Liberty Loan Meeting in Convention Hall, Cape May, May 9, 1919

Distinctive Features of Schools For the Deaf

No. 2. The Rochester School



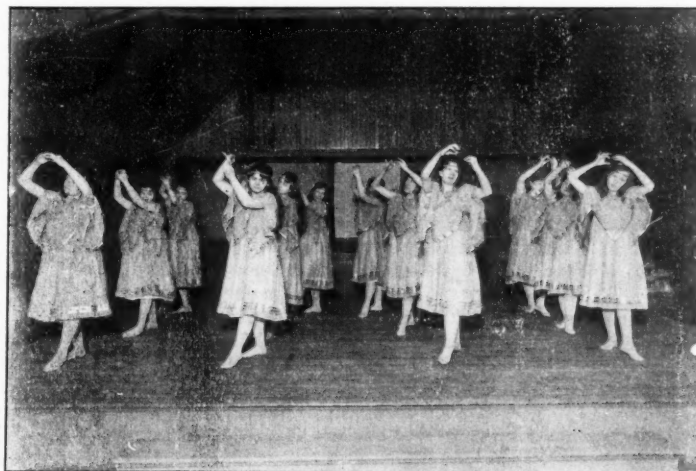
"Who are we? Who are we?
We are the boys of the R. S. D.
Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis! Boom! Bah!
Rochester! Rochester! Rah! Rah! Rah!"



"Who are we? Who are we?
We are the girls of the R. S. D.
Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis! Boom! Bah!
Rochester! Rochester! Rah! Rah! Rah!"



HOSE attending the conventions of superintendents, principals, and teachers of schools for the deaf that have been held in various parts of the country during the past quarter century, will remember, among the striking features of those meetings, a tall, gaunt figure, with heavy hirsute growth, who at all times, in season and out, was hammering away upon the thought that the manual alphabet was the most valuable of all the aids used in the instruction of deaf children. His audiences, certainly the majority of those who listened to him, regarded it as a perfectly innocent obsession, gave him courteous attention, and passed on to matters that they thought of real importance. He en-



RYTHMIC EXERCISES

tertained the hope that the other superintendents and principals would give it the place that he thought it deserved. He hugged the delusive phantom of this hope until his death, and died, no doubt, a deeply disappointed man, because it did not become the universal basis of education in schools for the deaf throughout the world.

After Zenas Freeman Westervelt, came Thomas Carlaw Forester, skeptical, at first, as to the place given the manual alphabet by his predecessor, but anxious "to prove all things and to hold fast to that which was good," and now there is no more ardent advocate of it than Dr. Forester. Indeed we know no principal or educator of the deaf, who has spent any length of time at the school, who has not come away thoroughly im-



POPPY DANCE



MIGNONETTE DANCE



A KINDERGARTEN MAY-DAY PARTY

pressed with the value of spelled language in every phase of the work. The moment one enters the grounds and gets into the atmosphere of spelling he gets the fever. It is one of those things, first of all, that the deaf child takes to. We do not know why. He just has a natural love for it, and as he reels it off his face radiates with interest and happiness. Why does such a child love to hum to himself or sit and hammer on an old tin kettle by the hour? We know not, he simply does, that is all; and so it is with the manual alphabet when he once starts to use it freely. In every school-room, at Rochester you will find the hands, little and big, especially the teacher's, going, and going too at a speed that seems incredible to the one not accustomed to it. It is the English language with all the fullness and certainty of speech, even much more certain than the English as it is spoken and understood among the deaf. The eye of the child drinks it in and grasps its meaning, just as the ear of the speaking child takes in and gradually comprehends the spoken language that is going on around it.

The use of a pen or pencil entails the preliminary trouble of getting it; the hand is immediately available and the manual alphabet may be used by a dozen persons, in the same room and at the same time, without the slightest interruption to one another.

Everywhere at the Rochester School and at all times one encounters finger-spelling and speech, to the absolute exclusion of all signs, not only in the academic department, but in the printing office, in the cabinet-making and carving rooms while working at basketry, during the physical training, at the swimming lessons, when aesthetic dancing is being taught, and upon the play grounds, they are the universal methods of communication. Teachers and pupils are a unit for the methods pursued and the whole atmosphere of the school is a harmonious and home-like atmosphere, one that enfolds and invites and bespeaks surroundings that are conducive to study and progress. The character and quality of the staff of instructors next impress us, a graduate of Vassar, an alumnus of Mt. Holyoke, three with diplomas from the University of Rochester and a number with normal training. The teacher

of speech and speech reading is the author of Stories and Rhymes in Melville Bell symbols. With such workmen, the product must needs be good.

The school opens with a twenty-minute study period before breakfast, devoted to moral and religious subjects and from that time until "the bairnies cuddle down," there are no idle moments, and supplementing the school-room work, which is founded upon a course of study that is scientifically arranged, there is every adjunct necessary to the making of a successful school. There is a complete acousticon equipment, and where there is a vestige of hearing, every effort is made to develop it. Especial emphasis is laid upon reading, every pupil in the school, with the least basis of language, being required to spend every available hour in the perusal of books, magazines and newspapers. A paper containing all the current local news is published daily and distributed, at supper-time to all the children in the dining-room except the beginning classes. A prize is given each year to the child reading the largest number of books. The prize winner last year had read fifty.

The school was recognized in 1907 by the Regents Board which is that part of the University of the State of New York, directing and regulating the course of studies in academic schools. The academic work is based on the Regents Syllabus prepared by the State Department of Education and is required of all the pupils entering the academic department. Commissioners examinations for grades V to VIII, in English, Geography, Arithmetic, U. S. History, Nature Study and Agriculture, Physiology and Hygiene, and Drawing, are held every January and June. Regents examinations in academic subjects are also held in these months, and promotions are based on the results of such examinations. Regents diplomas are granted to those of the graduates who have completed the regent course. The High School diplomas, the next highest honor are awarded to those who have not completed the regents course, but have qualified in certain of the regents subjects.

There is a variety of clubs and societies among the Senior pupils. The religious societies are the Christian Association and the Christian Endeavor Society. The former is held once in four weeks



FOOTBALL AT THE ROCHESTER SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

on Sunday evenings. Its object is to associate in an organized body, those pupils who desire to lead an earnest Christian life and to be more useful in the service of God. All pupils old enough to understand the purpose of such a society and who so desire, may become members. This society is in charge of the Superintendent, assisted by officers elected from among its members.

The Christian Endeavor Society meets every other Sunday evening. All Senior pupils attend the meetings and take some active part; the younger ones recite Bible verses, the older ones make short remarks on the topic assigned. The meeting is conducted by a pupil who plans the program and has the meeting in charge, under the general direction of an officer.

The Silent Workers is a missionary club, meeting every month in the chapel after Sunday school. Its purpose is to keep in touch with the missionary movement of the day and to keep alive the pupils' interest in the Chifu School for the Deaf, which was organized by this society. All Senior pupils are members and the meetings are conducted by a teacher.

The Little Helpers is a junior branch of the Silent Workers, composed of older primary children.

The Lambda Phi Phi is a debating club and literary society, to which all pupils above the second grade are eligible. It holds meetings every other Thursday after school, at which time a debate is held or some literary program carried out. The pupils, under the direction of a teacher, have entire management of this club, and it affords them great pleasure as well as valuable training in Parliamentary law, to say nothing of its literary value to the members.

Among the Senior pupils there are three good English Clubs, composed of high school pupils. Each of the three clubs has one meeting a week in the class room of the English teacher, she being in charge of them. The purpose of these clubs is to improve the English used by the pupils and to encourage reading.

The Brotherhood Club of the R. S. D. is a club composed of any boys from the Senior department who wish to become members, providing they are considered worthy of membership by the club. This club was organized by one of the older boys for the purpose of elevating the members morally and intellectually, so that they shall be true sons of the Rochester School for the Deaf and useful citizens of the United States of



A CLASS IN PHYSIOLOGY AND NATURE STUDY.— ROCHESTER SCHOOL

America. At the meeting an older member gives a talk and the others respond to the roll-call in some special way. This club is entirely managed by the boys.

Some of the older girls, under the direction of a teacher, are organized into a Social Club. The purpose of this club is to promote the use of speech among its members. Frequently they are invited to homes in the city where the girls have an opportunity to cultivate their social gifts and to practice speech and speech-reading with new acquaintances.

There is but one graduate of the school in Gallaudet College at present, the New York state colleges having absorbed much of the recent material. Five students are preparing to enter the University of Rochester, three will enter in the fall, one is a freshman there and another a junior,

one is a student at Smith College in the class of '21, and one a student at Washington College in the class of '20.

Statistics.

The interest of the school in its boys and girls does not cease at graduation, but it keeps, as far as possible, in close touch with all of them during their after life. Out of the 413 that have left in the past 27 years, 377 are accounted for and the following facts have been ascertained in regard to them:—35% were property owners, the assessed value of the property owned by them being \$120, 200. The average earning capacity has been from \$600 to \$650 per year. 63% of the men and 41% of the women have had bank accounts. Of the graduates the largest number have been mechanics; then in the order of these numbers, factory hands, printers, carpenters, farm-hands, clerks, teachers, proprietors, foremen, book-keepers, salesmen and artists. Among the well-known successful men and women now before the public who have gone out from this school are William D. Root, of Seattle, proprietor of a flourishing print shop; J. Frederick Meagher, the athlete and writer; Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses Cool, of Los Angeles; Charles Kemp, of Utica; Nubeck Bromwich, of Buffalo; Geo. Schriver and Horace Perry of Chicago.

The world now calls for results. It does not inquire so much as to how things are done but as to what is done. The results at Rochester are certainly of a kind that stamps the way of getting them as all to the good. There are few schools in the world the peer of this one, now that constant use of the manual alphabet had any bearing upon the great success there, or is it a mere incident? Go and spend a month there and see if you do not, upon your return, urge upon your school the adoption of the system there pursued. There's a magic in this hand-alphabet that you'll never divine till you've had ocular demonstration. Dr. Westervelt has passed to the great beyond, but his belief did not die with him. Many of those who



AURAL TRAINING IN THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT OF THE ROCHESTER SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



WOOD-CARVING—ROCHESTER SCHOOL, FOR THE DEAF

smiled patronizingly, when he spoke, have begun to think seriously, and, contemplating results at Rochester, have begun to wonder whether it was not, possibly the perennial and ever-recurring use of the manual alphabet language in that school that brought about the successes there, successes that have been scarce attained in any other school in the world.

THE BURDEN OF DEAFNESS

In this whole wide world there is no special class of civilized people to whom periods of recreation are more vitally important than to the deaf. Their lives are spent in a hush of silence beyond the realizations of those who have not experienced it. Theirs is not the quiet stillness that is so soothing to people whose nerves are disturbed by the discordance of numerous noises. Rather it is the blank nothingness that oppresses the totally deaf, and from which there is no relief in change of situation or occupation.

Even at work the condition of deafness is manifestly a burden. Their fellow workmen can banter and joke at their daily toil with little hindrance to their efficiency as workmen; but the deaf, with their eyes on their tasks, are practically prisoners in soli-

tary confinement. Is it any wonder that they yearn for the society of others similarly afflicted and enjoy to the utmost the friendly interchange of news and views? Is it surprising to any one of ordinary sense and sentiment, that the gesture language—signs and the finger alphabet—is very dear to them?

Thanks to the motion picture theatres, there is one form of entertainment where they are on an equal footing with their more favored brethren. At the "movelo" they learn much that is useful, and enjoy the lightsome and amusing comedies that are projected on the screen. It does not cost much, so the tax on their purses is hardly felt. All of the deaf are grateful for this great boon which the Twentieth Century has brought them.

Then there is the lecture in the sign-language, which always is an attraction if the lecturer is a master in the art of picturing things in signs.

Since entertainment, like instruction, must be addressed to the eyes of the deaf, in order to be appreciated, they naturally enough are eager devotees of all kinds of athletic sport—such as baseball, foot ball, tennis, and in the winter, basket ball, skating and coasting. All of which looks good and satisfactory, and may impel the query "What more do

they want or need to drown monotony and drive dull care away?" But listen, these are the sports of boyhood which can be indulged without loss of time or money, and which fits them with the courage and the ability that helps surmount the obstacles in after-school life.

There is more work than play for the adult deaf, and consequently much more need for that which heightens the spirit and gives some color to existence. Not that the deaf are glum or even discouraged. The opposite is the case; they are cheerful, hopeful and eager members of every community in which they live. Nevertheless, their lives are more steadily poised if a certain degree of wholesome recreation be among their opportunities.

But from first to last, it is always to the eye that education, entertainment, pleas and pleasures, are directed, and it is always through the eye that impressions come and knowledge is received. To some, even the colorless, soundless, motions of the lips convey intelligence that can be grasped. But there is and always will be more depth and soul and meaning brought their inner consciousness through the language of signs.

The minister in the pulpit, who expounds the Gospel in impressive gestures, while his homilies may not be classed as recreation, brings solace and comfort to the deaf wayfarers along the road of life. —*The New York Journal.*

GOOD BOXERS.

The Goodyear Mute colony includes several first class pugs: Silent Howard being the best known of the lot. West, a young boxer who performed at the last Goodyear smoker, appears to be a fighter. A number of star wrestlers are also found among the local Silents. Gilbert, mute bantam grappler, has won a great many mat tournaments and is known thruout the country as a clever performer.

The Goodyear Mutes plan to take an active part in spring athletics at the rubber shop. Both baseball and track are on the mute sport program and a large number of silent athletes will be out for each. Akron Evening Times of April 9th.

WANTED IN MACHINE SHOP

We are offering opportunities to deaf-mutes with machine shop experience at 55¢ per hour to start.

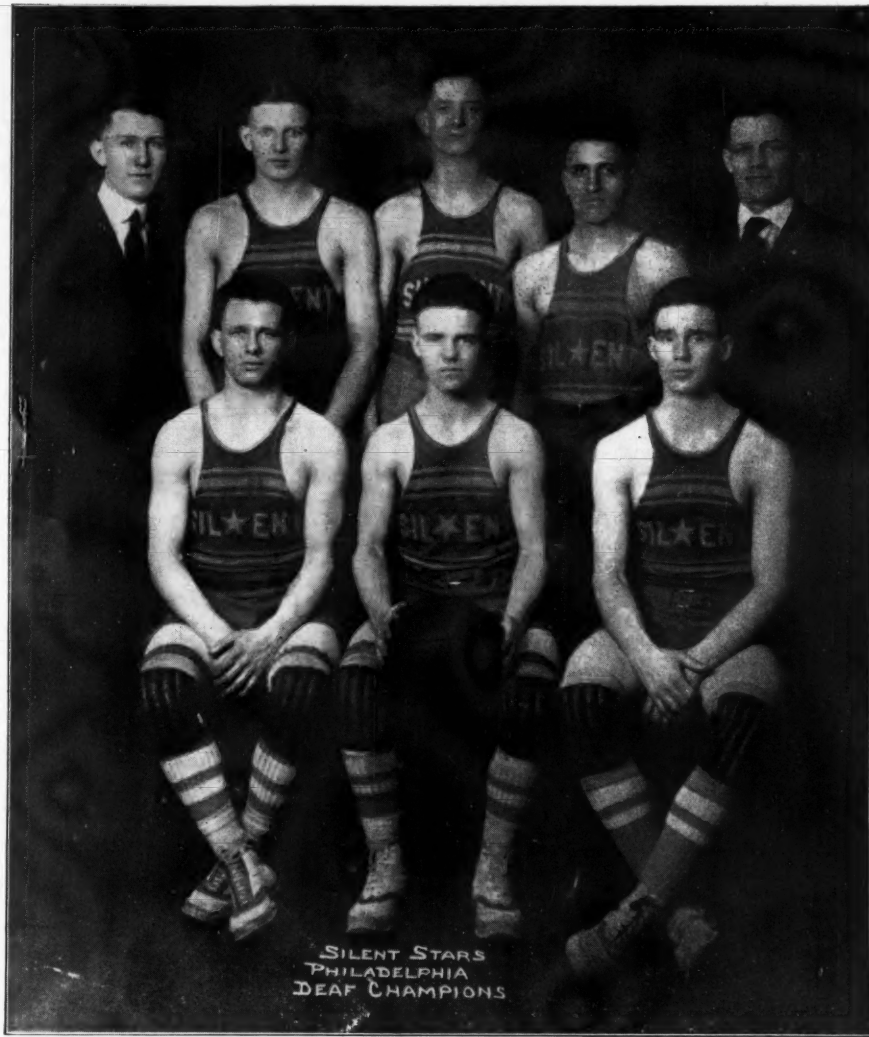
We adjust these rates from time to time in order to give each man an opportunity to earn according to his ability. Open shop.

Communicate with A. D. Martin, Labor Dept, THE GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER CO., Akron, Ohio.



DESIGNING AND STUDIES FROM STILL LIFE.—ROCHESTER SCHOOL, FOR THE DEAF

The Deaf are Winners in Athletic Honors



SILENT STARS
PHILADELPHIA
DEAF CHAMPIONS

THE SILENT STARS
Reading from left to right—back row:—Geo. H. King, mgr., Osei Orberg, John Dunner, Donald Smith, Jas L. Jennings, Coach.
Front row:—Barnet Ginley, Hugh J. Cusack, Capt., Earl DuGan.

Photo by Pach

The team has been in existence two years, has played some of the best hearing teams throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. Their most recent victims were the New York "Alphabets," one of the best deaf teams in the East, whom they defeated by the score 25-24 in Philadelphia on March 8th. The affair was followed by a dance and was well attended.

BASKETBALL RECORD

This year's team of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf has made the best record in the basketball history of the school. Last year the team had a pretty good record of 10 won and 3 lost. This year we went through the season with 23 victories and lost none. On March 29 the team closed with a victory over the Goodyear Silent Five team in a very close game, 17 to 15. It was the hardest game we ever played. At the beginning of the game they were able to score easily. The score was 11 to 6 at the end of the second quarter. Our boys now determined to win and guarded our opponents closely. Our confidence returned in the last quarter. The old spirit to win was in evidence. There were a plenty of thrills. The Alumni Association and friends took in the game.

The records of the individual players are interesting.

Harry Slonaker, the captain, is the heaviest and also the smallest player on the team. He served his seventh year on the team as forward and this was the most successful season for him. He has a record of 187 field goals during the season, being at the top of the list as a goal shooter.

Samuel J. Rogalsky was seen at guard again for the third consecutive year. Frequently, his splendid playing especially in the big games

attracted the fans. His opponent often had troubles with him as he could rob him of the ball and get away with it.

George Greco, the fastest player, put up a clever game at forward in nearly every game during the season. He was the leading point-getter with 150 goals. He caged 106 foul goals out of 207 attempts for a percentage of 51.

Harry Zone, the manager, was a star at guard during the early games, but owing to illness, he was kept out of seven of the remaining games. He could meet an opponent and get his hands on the ball, making it impossible for him to score, and ranked among the leading guards that the institution has produced so far.

Samuel Bentley, the smallest player that ever jumped center for the school team, showed what a small fellow could do there. Many a time he outjumped his rival, most of them being easy for him. The number of field goals caged by him totalled 86.

The team had a clever substitute in the person of William McKnight. He only took part in eight games, but acted like a regular at guard. He could easily stop an opponent. In this regard he seemed like an iron man. He will be the only player left from this year's varsity team.

The season's record is as follows:—

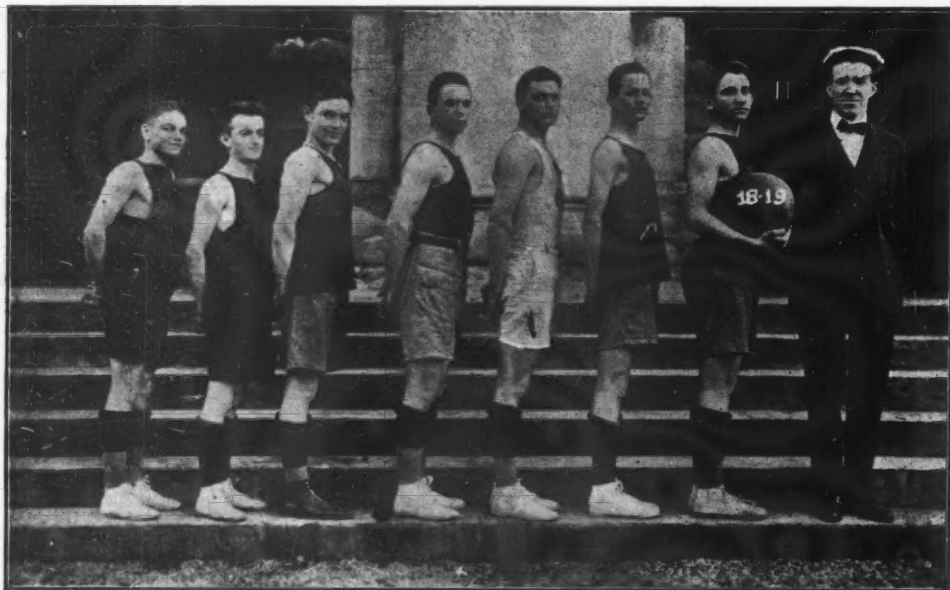
W.P.I.D....53	Maple A. A.	9
W.P.I.D....48	Wrigley Club	28
W.P.I.D....53	Superior	11
W.P.I.D....48	Wilkesburg Pilots	19
W.P.I.D....42	Edewood H. S. II	14
W.P.I.D....61	Allentown A. A.	10
W.P.I.D....54	W.P.I.D. Juniors	14
W.P.I.D....94	Goldie A. C.	20
W.P.I.D....23	First Baptist Church	16
W.P.I.D....55	Lorraine All Stars	15
W.P.I.D....27	La Schalle A. A.	25
W.P.I.D....42	Triangle	23
W.P.I.D....53	Pitt Medical Class	23
W.P.I.D....42	Westinghouse Reserves ..	27
W.P.I.D....102	Alumni	18
W.P.I.D....30	McKeesport Y. M. C. A. ...	27
W.P.I.D....36	East Liberty Scholastics...	10
W.P.I.D....52	Fallible Five	29
W.P.I.D....55	Harwood A. A.	9
W.P.I.D....17	First Baptist Church	5
W.P.I.D....2	Triangle	0
W.P.I.D....2	Newsboy's Home	0
W.P.I.D....17	Goodyear Silent Five	15

W.P.I.D...1,008 Opponents 317



WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA BASKET-BALL TEAM

Front row—Samuel Bentley, center; Harry Slonaker, captain and forward; George Greco, forward.
Back row—Harry Zone, manager and guard; William McKnight, guard; Samuel J. Rogalsky, guard.



BASKET-BALL TEAM OF THE ALABAMA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
Left to Right— Lewis, Herrmann, Pulver, Stephens, Keith, Dykes, Davis, (Capt.) J. W. McCandless, (Mgr.)

FROM CALIFORNIA

BEING located about one thousand miles from my native town, and not seeing any of the papers published at schools for the deaf this year, it was a complete surprise, on March 29th, to receive forwarded from Savannah, Illinois, the March number of the Silent Worker with a "c" to the address.

On this middle day of April, the mercury indicates 82 degrees in the shade,—and my windows are wide open. This small picturesque town, is called "Eagle Rock City," the word "City" being used to designate the town proper from a street called "Eagle Rock Avenue," because, at one point on it, there is a great rock on top of which stands a figure that resembles a pure white eagle that is a striking imitation, if not a bona fide,—sculptured or petrified eagle, so partial were the older residents to that rock. The Public Library is also ornamented by an imitation White Eagle, high up on the front.

The house in which we sojourn is a cute bungalow, as are many other homes not only in this town, but in many other sections of the state. Tropical trees have kept green all through the winter, in the yard and some flowers have bloomed one of the most prolific and heaviest, being the modest sweet-scented,—"Alyssum." The town is literally encircled by beautiful hills covered with verdure of many kinds.

A large field on the south side of the house, which was freshly plowed last Fall, soon became a thing of green beauty, being thickly covered with a wild growth of many plants—in the class called "weeds"—and truly beautiful wild flowers bloomed among them all the Spring—a long strip of lonely hills looking like an impenetrable fence to the field a few blocks away, all probably being ranges of the wonderful Rocky Mountains. All the eight miles intervening between this place and Los Angeles, which distance the electric street cars come in thirty-five minutes, there are more beautiful hills, fine trees, cozy bungalows. Even in that famous city, Los Angeles there are grand hills, tropical trees, shrubbery, flowers in vast numbers. Wild flowers of much beauty, which are usually found on the hills as early as January or February, because of the unusually cold winter, were about a month late this year.

I had a fair share of several kinds. Of late the California Poppy has been blooming so profusely, so gorgeously, so varied in its colors, so magnanimously yet humbly, adorning gardens, parkways, fields, nooks, corners, that one can but think the

people were inspired when they selected the California wild poppy as their state flower, the delicate foliage, the rich velvety texture of the blossoms with their varying size and surpassing shades of color, which range from deepest orange peel-color, frequently bordered with pale straw color, to white; its habits of growing in hard places—then when the sun sets, folding its petals into a round sharp pointed roll, very much as the evening primrose, over for the night, to open again when the sun shines, its time of bloom is ended, also blooming even in the Winter months, though less profusely, judging from last winter's product. All in all the poppy plant is a true symbol of courage, fortitude, cheerfulness, brightness to all classes of people.

My presence here in this state of wonderful verdure is due largely to the loving kindness of my oldest sister who has lived in this state long enough to become acclimated—and charmed with the continuous verdure induced by the mild cli-

mate,—had for over a year been planning to have me come to live with her. November 19th, 1918, I started for Omaha, Nebraska, remained there with relatives, and long ago neighbors from the morning of the 20th, till the morning of Monday the 25th, in the intervene visiting with my niece and a friend who had an automobile, "The Forest Lawn Cemetery," in which Mr Fischer was buried, July 6th, 1904. The fact that the grove looks neglected is my misfortune, not my wilful fault. The first real snow storm of the season occurred while I was in Omaha, so it did not surprise me to see snow all through Nebraska, and most of the farther western states through which the long heavy laden train passed—until the afternoon of the 27th—when we reached the California state line, and were told by the conductor in charge that we would not reach Los Angeles at 5:30 P. M.; but at 9 o'clock or later in the night, because the train was so large. That was embarrassing for me, when we left the Tourist cars, but in a few minutes, a "Lady Traveler's Aid," telephoned to my sister of my arrival at the Y. M. C. A. rooms and in a surprisingly short time, sister came. Then an electric street car sped over the eight miles between Los Angeles and Eagle Rock City, and we, long separated, were safely sheltered in the bungalow which is our temporary home.

Early Thanksgiving morning I had the (to me) unique experience for that time of year of going without wraps into the ample yard, and seeing the handsome trees all in green as in summer time, then gathering a bouquet of roses, geraniums, and dainty sweet alyssum. While I was arranging my treasures for a vase, a boy who looked to be about six years old, came on to the porch and smiled up at me. As he was the first child I had seen there, I asked "Do you live with one of the neighbors?" He shook his fine head, then holding up his hand, he spelled "Oliver," then I perceived that he was my grandnephew whose home being fully two miles away, I had not expected to meet so soon. In a few minutes, his father, mother and lovely baby sister, came out to welcome me. We had a fine all-day visit together.

Since then, "Oliver" has often talked to me by the single hand alphabet, which I believe as a public lecturer once stated to a full house audience, will help hearing children to learn the alphabet.



GOODYEAR SILENTS
Reading from left to right, back row: Moore, coach; Roller, Allen and A. D. Martin, manager.
Front row: Keeley, Kappamanen, Williams, Brown, captain; Weber and Seinensohn.

and spell words correctly. One bright memory of that Thanksgiving day is the profusion of large fluffy pale-yellow chrysanthemums which decorated the rooms, all from a nearby field where later I, too, gathered many of the beautiful flowers in December. Since that memorable day, I have greatly enjoyed the continual verdure of the hills that encircle the town,—and also others that relieve the monotony of the street-car line all the way to Los Angeles, and even in that famous city, there are hills, also along the road to other towns all seeming to be ranges of the great Rocky Mountain Range.

Christmas Day was like a summer-time day, and as early as possible, sister and I started for Long Beach, California, to spend the day with her daughter and family. While we waited at our corner for the Los Angeles electric car, sister spelled to me that frogs were croaking, and she heard a bee humming. The ride was not as satisfactory in the line of scenery after we left Los Angeles as about here, and to several other towns near by, but our welcome was most cordial. After dinner, we went to the Beach proper, and I had my first view of the Pacific Ocean, dabbled in the waves, and watched the flocks of sea gulls, of which there were a lot, all amazingly tame.

Until March I met but one deaf-mute, Mrs. J. McCullough, educated at the Indiana School, then Mrs. A. M. Andrews, of the Michigan School, long ago, called to invite me to attend a surprise party, to be held the next day, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Guyer, aged pupils of the Columbus, Ohio School for the deaf, who after living in Los Angeles for one year, were intending to move back to Long Beach where they had lived for several years, their home before they moved to California, being in Galesburg, Illinois. I accepted the invitation and had a fine visit. The guests were all women, except one that was Mr Jeremiah Lininger, eighty-four years old who with his wife were educated at the Pennsylvania school while Mr. Hut-ton and Supt. J. Foster held office. The oldest person at that party next to Mr. F. was the hostess, Mrs. Guyer, her age being eighty-one. She was duly surprised and graciously appreciative of the kindness of the guests. The only hearing person present, so far as I know, was the charming young daughter, who assisted the committee in arranging the dinner table and an elderly friend of the family who called for a short time while the ample refreshments were being served. I had the curiosity to know where the guests were educated, and found there were eight or ten schools represented.

After dinner, the entire company went out to the front porch, and were photographed by one of the guests. On the way home, Mrs. Andrews, who was my escort, suggested that if I would write up the party for the Silent Worker, she would secure pictures of the group if it was good. She added, "The Silent Worker is the only paper of schools for the deaf, that publishes pictures." Instead of "pictures," my sister received from the home of Mrs. Andrews' daughter, the message that her two young children were sick with influenza, and the house was quarantined. Whether Mrs. Andrews later had that dreadful disease, or its partner pneumonia, we have not learned, but so far no pictures of the Guyer party group have reached me, but I have a fine remembrance picture of these interesting people which will not soon be obliterated.

If any of the deaf people of New England or the West have wondered why I am so partial to the New Jersey School for the Deaf and its always interesting instructive finely gotten up paper, I am now ready to enlighten them.

From my early girlhood when I had good hearing, the names, "Trenton," "New Jersey," have been household words in our family, because sometimes in the forties, my father's oldest brother, Ezra Bowers F. Fuller, when he retired from Banking business at Latcheg, Mississippi, settled in Trenton, where he lived till his death in

1873 or 74, and with other members of his family he probably was buried near there. The only one of his children whom I saw was the youngest, "Albert," who was a Lieutenant in the Civil army.

Uncle was a staunch Presbyterian and his only daughter married Dr. M. H. Roberts, who was a pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Elizabeth, N. J., for eighteen years. Later he was President of the Lake Forest, Illinois, Academy, then of Centre College, Kentucky, where he died. Of late years, Mrs. Roberts has been President of several Woman's Literary Clubs, making her home in New York with her only daughter, widow of the late Roswell Miller, who for a number of years was President, then Chairman of the Railroad Officials under whose supervisor the Union Pacific Railroad was built. Who can blame me that I felt a bit proud while I came over that road which has enabled so many thousands of people to make in a few days the trip which took many early day-immigrants many weeks to cover the sometimes dangerous routes. Mrs. Roberts, though older than I am, still writes a beautifully plain scholarly hand. She is deeply interested in world welfare and justly proud that her grandson, Roswell Miller, junior, has lately returned from service with the American Army in France. In her last letter, she advised me to read a new book, "Ambassador Morgenthau's story," which I hoped to do ere long. Hoping the summer vacation will be a happy season to all the school family.

ANGELINE A. FULLER FISCHER.

PRIVATE CHARLES A. CHAPMAN WINS DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

Private Charles A. Chapman, Battery F, 76th Field artillery, has been awarded a distinguished service cross. Private Chapman's mother and father now reside in Waverly. Before entering the service he made his home in this city, where he is a member of Immanuel Baptist church.

In his recommendation, Capt. John E. Maker of the 76th Field artillery says:

"Charles A. Chapman, private, Battery F, 76th Field artillery 3d Field Artillery Brigade, 3d division, did volunteer to guide track train of ammunition over the road from Cerges to Made-line Farm under heavy fire, being unable to reach the destination due to heavy shell fire and shell holes on the road the herein mentioned soldier, private Charles A. Chapman, unloaded the H. E. and gas shells, placing them in narrow one-man



Son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chapman former pupils of the Hartford School

trenches that the 30th Infantry formerly occupied, and remained on guard over the ammunition amid the heavy shell fire for 14 hours. When said soldier thought it too dangerous for the fuses to be among the shells; carried them unassisted to battery positions and at the same time notifying the danger of the shells, thus preventing the ammunition dump from being blown up. This was about Nov. 4, 1918, at 6 p.m. This work was voluntary and performed in the highest degree with great courage and risk to his life, under shell fire more or less at all times."—Boston Sunday Globe March 30, 1919.

MICHAELS BIBLE CLASS

The Michaels Bible Class was organized in Columbia, S. C., in the year of 1912 by Rev. J. W. Michaels. It was led by Miss Mary E. Duncan for over a year, and was succeeded by Mr. W. L. Smith. Miss Duncan served for over a year, and in the year of 1918 she resigned as a leader to Mr. E. M. Freeman. Mr. Freeman has left for the West, and we have not secured a good leader yet. It has not been broken but once since the organization. An attendance is always good. We will be glad to have a visit from any Northern or Southern preacher.

M. E. D.

See picture below.



First row—from left to right—Miss Louise Cooker, Louis Fant, Mrs. S. M. Freeman, Mr. S. M. Freeman, the leader, Miss Mary E. Duncan, the Treasurer. Second row—O. Darby, I. Cook, H. R. Clover, Miss Minnie Brooks, J. Tinsley. Third row—B. Smoak, R. L. Cave, Miss Lillian Clover, Willie Smith, C. Lee.

PHILADELPHIA

By JAMES S. REIDER



HE SUDDEN and untimely death of the Reverend Brewster Randall Allabough on the night of May 19th, last, at Middletown, Ohio, on his way to the railroad station to take a train for home caused his friends here and wherever he is known a shock that they will not soon forget. But it must have been by far a greater shock to the expectant wife who was awaiting his homecoming but who, instead of being able to greet him, found that she had been widowed. And the children—poor children!

As far as we have been able to learn, the summons came around eleven o'clock at night on the street while walking with some friends.



The late Reverend Brewster R. Allabough.

It is recalled here that Mr. Allabough's father, an attorney at law by profession, died the same way at about fifty years of age. The cause of Mr. Allabough's death is given as fatty degeneration of the heart. He was just fifty-eight years old on March 18th, last. By his death a good and useful career that gave promise of still greater usefulness was cut short. As a leader of the deaf, he was second to none. In personality, he was magnetic; he made friends quickly and his followers were many, and no one was too humble or too illiterate to receive a kindly word of encouragement from him. He served his fellow-deaf in different ways and his was truly a life of service for them. His loss, therefore, is more than that of a mere friend.

The remains of Mr. Allabough were brought to Norristown from Cleveland, Ohio, in an excellent state of preservation and the funeral was held from Mowday's Parlors on Saturday, May 24th, at 2 P. M. Quite a number of deaf friends of Philadelphia attended the funeral being mostly those who had been apprised of it in time. Rev. C. O. Dantzer, of all Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, and Father H. St. Clair Hathaway, of St. John's (P. E.) Church, Norristown, where Rev. Mr. Allabough frequently held services for the deaf when in the East, read the burial service jointly. Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, of New York, and Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Maryland, arrived too late to join the clergy at the beginning, but the former assisted at the grave. At twenty minutes after three the casket was lowered into the grave besides Mr. Allabough's first wife in Montgomery Cemetery. Long shall we mourn the passing away of this faithful servant and friend.

Corporal Ralph Ewing Buxton of the First Replacement Co., U. S. Marine Corps now on active duty in France, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert

C. Buxton of Baltimore, Md., but at present residing in Philadelphia. They have two sons, Edwin Franklin Abell Buxton, the elder, who served with the Italian Army in one of the U. S. Army Ambulance Sections sent to Italy a year ago and Ralph Ewing Buxton, the younger. Although Ralph is "the kid brother" he is the larger, being six feet one inch in height and weighing one hundred and eighty-five pounds. That he has unusual strength is shown in the accompanying snap-shot taken last summer at Paris Island, S. C., where he was in training as a marine. He seems to be enjoying the little feat of supporting three other husky marines on his broad shoulders. He is just twenty years old, having been born on April 18, 1899. As he is many miles from home and not likely to read this and so become conceited, we must admit that he is a handsome fellow, gallant, brave, courageous and believes in a hearty handshake and a helpful word to the other fellow needing it, whoever he may be. The larger part of his friends call him Ted and his friends may be classed as those of all ages and kinds—for Ted can amuse "the baby" or talk "horse sense" to the delighted old farmer equally well. He is what is known as a good mixer and yet one who never gets "mixed up" in that which may include pitfalls. He is more interested in pointing out such dangers to the boy who is less astute.

His enlistment interfered with his plans to enter Lehigh University after his graduation from Towson High School, but he will probably go on with his education after his return from overseas. He had expressed a desire to become an Episcopal clergyman, as it is the plan of his elder brother, and the parents of the boys are looking forward with eager hearts to such a future for their promising sons.

Some months ago, there was an account in this publication of the religious work already done by the elder son Edwin, during his vacations, and while pursuing his studies at the Lehigh University. Ralph has also had experience along these lines, having spent one summer as a missionary in the mountains of Virginia under Archdeacon Neve's direction.

That he was most successful in winning the confidence of these people is evinced by letters written to him, asking him to return to that section and telling how greatly he has been missed. His sense of justice, orderly methods in all things, neatness, promptness, and absolute insistence upon honor and truthfulness, made him a valuable guide for the mountain people. To sum up, a friend's statement of him is cited in a few words: "Ted is clean, mind, body and soul."

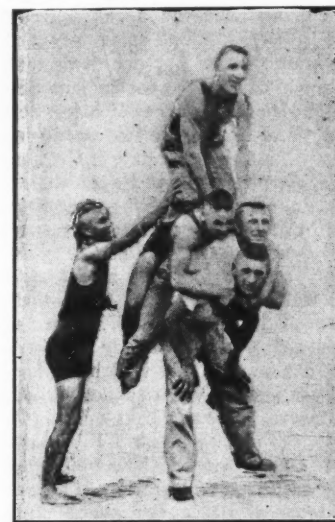
His great love for animals, especially horses and dogs, was evinced when a tiny chap and many amusing little anecdotes are cherished by his family in connection with his interest in these dumb friends. Later on, he became interested in all kinds of mechanical devices and he is perfectly at home at the wheel of any automobile. There are several machines owned by various relatives and Ted can manipulate the steering gear of any and all.

His education has proceeded under a varied system. As a small boy he attended Morven Private School, followed by a couple of years at Govans (a suburb of Baltimore, Md.) public school, when less than twelve years of age, he entered St. Paul's School for Boys and remained there until sixteen when he entered Towson High School for the remaining two years until his graduation. At St. Paul's he was active in athletics and won a number of prizes for excellence in various studies. At Towson High, he was made captain of the Soccer and Baseball teams and won various competitive prizes in athletic tournament on John

Hopkins University grounds at Homewood.

When only eleven years of age he decided to become an agent for the Saturday Evening Post and by his application soon won the prize of the largest number of subscribers given by the Curtis Publishing Co. He won many other prizes from the same firm and it required three boys to cover the route he had established when sold out. Of course, he was often weary, but his young heart glowed with pride at the snug sum of money he had earned before he entered St. Paul's School.

That he was unable to get into actual battle "over there" has been a source of great disappointment to him, since going to France (reached there on the 9th of Nov., 1918, or just two days before when the armistice came.) His friends predicted "great things for Ted," but are now more interested in his speedy and safe return.



Mr. Buxton Supporting Three Husky Marines

The following deaf from Philadelphia attended the funeral of Rev. Brewster Randall Allabough at Norristown, Pa., on Saturday, May 24th: Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, Mr. and Mrs. R. Middleton Ziegler, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reider, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders, Mrs. M. J. Syle, Mrs. Thomas Breen, Miss Mamie J. Hess, Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Wall, Miss Susan and Mr. William McKinney, Mrs. Nettie Hagy, Mrs. Jennie Dunner, Mr. John A. Roach, Mr. Harry E. Stevens, Mrs. J. H. Marchman, Miss Gertrude M. Downey, Mr. — Dailey, and Mr. A. C. Buxton. There were also several local deaf there. The pall-bearers were all hearing persons, relatives of Mr. Allabough, we believe.

An all-day picnic was held by the allied societies of the deaf of Philadelphia at the Maple Grove picnic grounds on the Second Street pike above Olney on Saturday, May 31st, 1919. The weather was as fair and warm as could be desired, the grove was easily accessible to and amply large and adapted to such a purpose, and refreshments were provided, all of which contributed to the success of the event. In spite of these inducements, however, the attendance was under two hundred.

Mr. Carl Bohner, an oral graduate of the Mt. Airy School and also of a high school, was a recent visitor to this city but remained only a short time. He is probably the only deaf metallurgical chemist in this country and at present holds the position of assistant to the metallurgical

chemist of the United States Steel Company at Gary, Indiana. Mr. Bohner's visit to this city was made ostensibly to look into a similar position with the Baldwin Locomotive Works at its branch plant at Burnham, in the interior of the State, and, at last accounts, he appears to have been not only successful in getting the position but also of being put in charge of the office himself instead of being made assistant. He will have hearing help to attend to such office work for which hearing is essential.

By the way, Mr. Bohner was the first oral graduate of the Mt. Airy School to also graduate from a high school of the hearing. His success was such that since his graduation a number of other graduates followed his example and were likewise successful. Mr. Bohner is still a comparatively young man with a very promising future, that is, nothing hindering.

The next meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf will be held at York, Pa., on August 29-30, 1919. The chief work at this meeting will be the business required to be done annually by the Charter, although other business may be transacted by the Society. It is not necessary to go outside of Philadelphia to transact this business, but it is optional with the Board of Managers to do so. Evidently the custom of the Society to meet yearly at a different place has been adhered to so long that the tendency is to keep it up with only a shorter meeting.

DOES ANY DEAF PRINTER WANT THIS JOB?

Mrs. Cora M. Schetnan, sends us the following, which is self-explanatory:

Dupree, South Dakota.
May 20, 1919.

Mr. John P. Walker,
Trenton, N. J.

Dear Sir:—In regard to the enclosed will say that I want a good printer, one who can turn out good job work and advertising as well as set straight matter. I am postmaster and want a man to do the work at the printing office, excepting the editing of the paper. Of course as I am a printer, I can help out if necessary at any time, but want a man who wants a steady job while he would get a start in life by taking up land on the homestead plan. I expect to put in a linotype machine this fall and would prefer a man with a little experience on same but that would not matter much as he could learn to operate same, which I will have to do myself, as I have never operated one.

I have a power plant, good small county seat and am in a position to get all the work we could do at profitable prices. There is an exceptional opportunity here for a man to get a good start in life, get him a piece of land for a home or for speculation, and at the same time he was proving up the land he could make good wages working in the printing office. You need have no fear in furnishing me a man as I will do the square thing by him, that being my business policy in life.

By separate wrapper I am mailing copy of my paper.

I want a good reliable man at once, so if you can fit me out with a man telegraph me at once.

Respectfully,

FRANK E. RILEY.

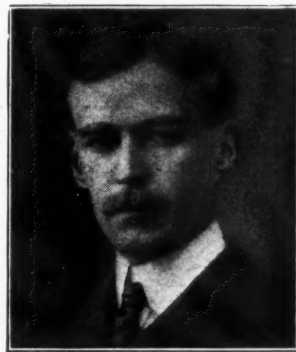
MISS KELLER TO A SOLDIER

Miss Helen Keller, whom all the world admires for her triumphant fight against cruel natural afflictions—she has broken many a Hindenburg line of discouragement—writes a strange letter to a young soldier who has lost hands and eyes, who, as she expresses it in a note to the Washington Star, has "been so wretchedly shattered in the name of liberty." "Some day," writes Miss Keller, "you will ask yourself why men fight and kill and maim other men with whom they have no quarrel. To satisfy your curiosity you will read. May I suggest that you read such books as 'Men in War,' by Latzka; 'Under Fire,' by Henri Barbusse, and Bertrand Russell's 'New Roads to Freedom.' Those books will make things clear to you." Those are just such books as might be recommended by Scott Nearing or John Hayne Holmes. Surely Miss Keller does not hold that they explain America's part in the world war?—N. F. Globe.

The Representative Deaf



HE indexing of historical publications is of a nature requiring a particular bent of mind and especial training, and is therefore a work in which comparatively few are engaged. It calls for talents not possessed by the average man, and may be best done only by one having complete knowledge of the subject matter



David M. Matteson

under consideration. It can be done as well however by a deaf person, provided that he has the preparation, as by one who hears, even better perhaps since there is less distraction; and among the pre-eminent in it, and almost without a peer, is David M. Matteson, of Cambridge, Mass., a gentleman who, while not born without hearing, has been for the most of his life, totally deaf. Mr. Matteson has scarce more than passed two of the allotted three score years, and yet stands among the very first of those in his chosen profession. He was born in the mining region of California, passed his childhood hours much as other boys pass them, had school-days without especial interest or promise, was graduated at the University of California, and completed a course in the Graduate School at Harvard. It was his original intention to specialize in American History with a view of becoming a college instructor of the subject. When he found that he could not teach, the feeling that he was best fitted for historical work kept him in the same line of endeavor. Gradually, while doing research work for himself, he saw the possibility of a living in doing it for others. From the first he was fortunate enough to receive the patronage of several of the prominent writers of American History, who still seek his services.

Making maps to illustrate histories was a natural step from the research work, but it was by chance that he took up with indexing, altho this is the side of his work by which he is best known. The publishers of John Fiske's books were getting out a memorial edition of his histories and wished a good analyzed index for the series. Mr. Matteson was recommended by one of the professors at Harvard and it has been his good luck since to be commissioned to prepare some of the most important general indexes issued in recent years. The secret of the great success he has had along this line is the fact that he is a deep student in American History who makes indexes; so that he has a complete knowledge of the general subject and can, for that reason, make a better general analysis. He does not index books that are not of a historical character. The general indexes of the publications of the American Historical Association, covering the first thirty years of the association's activities, which the Government Printing Office issued last year, is the last and largest of his tasks along this line.

In the map work, Mr. Matteson only plans, draws sketches, and furnishes material for the draftsman. Most of the maps in one of the co-operative histories of the United States, "The American Nation," as well as the index, are his work; and lately he has had a share in the making of an important series of wall maps on American history and the maps in several textbooks on history for Denoyer-Geppert Co., of Chicago. It would be impossible to go into the details of his research work. Sometimes the tasks of this nature cover a large extent of territory, and make it necessary for him to extend the search to New York, Washington or some yet more distant point: usually the libraries of Cambridge and Boston are sufficient. He does some genealogical work, but the other demands upon his time are such that he is unable to do it to any great extent.

The success of Mr. Matteson is only another instance where every obstacle has been overcome by patient, persistent effort, another case where deafness has proved no bar. Barrier after barrier has been stormed and broken down by the deaf. They no longer complain, as did the Spartan boy, that the sword is too short. They add the needed step and go on "conquering and to conquer." Not only has the whole list of the trades been opened to them, but the professions, the arts, and the sciences as well, and the time is rapidly coming when no man may say "I cannot, because I am deaf."

SPECIAL OFFER TO OUR READERS

COMBINATIONS

The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Ohio Chronicle \$1.00, both for \$1.20
The Silent Worker \$1.00 and the Kentucky Standard 75 cents, both for \$1.00
The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Register, (Rome, N. Y.) 50 cents, both for \$1.00
The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Advocate of English and Speech for the Deaf, (Rochester, N. Y.) 50 cents, both for \$1.00
The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Nebraska Journal 50 cents, both for \$1.00
The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Colorado Index 50 cents, both for \$1.00
The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The California News 50 cents, both for \$1.00
The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Oregon Outlook 50 cents, both for \$1.00
The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Western Pennsylvanian 50 cents, both for \$1.10
The Silent Worker (\$1.00) and The Silent Worker Supplement (75 cents) to the Alumni, parents of the New Jersey School pupils and All New Jersey subscribers, both for \$1.00

Take advantage of this opportunity by renewing your subscriptions at once.

Send money to The Silent Worker, Trenton, N. J.

RESPONSIBILITY MAKES HONESTY

A big New York employer who has always taken an especial interest in boys, says that responsibility makes them honest. Responsibility tends to keep a man honest. Confidence in an employee—placing responsibility upon him—that makes the really careful and discreet and honest man. The employer who mistrusts those employed by him is inviting disloyalty and dishonesty.

The New York gentleman says that "in these financial centers messengers are selected with great care. Impressed with the importance of their jobs, these trusted youngsters go about their responsible tasks with only one thought, and that is to justify the faith placed in them by their employers. With boys more than with men one gets from them what he puts into them."

Parents are frequently about the worst handicapped a boy has to contend with. —Selected.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By ALEXANDER L. PACH



HERE is a great deal of satisfaction in seeing the endeavor of the two great Akron organizations to add to their forces all the deaf workmen they can get. The tribute is to deaf workmen, several hundred of them having made thoroughly good, the employing concerns want more of them. I wish, however, that my good friend Martin would pattern after the Firestone people and advertise for deaf workmen, instead of referring to them as mutes, as he does twice in his Journal advertisement for the Goodyear concern.

Of course, both concerns are after deaf workmen, and they are not in the least interested in "mutes" as such. There is a good deal of pathos in the word "mute"—it suggests a pitiable condition, and an affliction, while the word "deaf" covers every need as describing both the people and their condition. "Mute" not only jars and grates, but it is rarely true of the deaf and, as before stated, is totally unnecessary. I personally know a number of the good Akronites, bright brainy people of the deaf world, the equal of any, anywhere, and the frequent reference to them as "mutes" is one of the champion goatgetters of to-day.

The Florida School Herald is one of my favorites among the exchanges, and even the carpenter's report has its need of interest, so when I read that Mr. Hogle, the instructor, found February and March his busiest months, and the first of his activities he reports as "Putting new screens in Dr. Walker's side", so I did a little kidding on my own account and congratulated the good President of the Florida School.

He did not see the joke, for he wrote me that he had not been operated on at all, and that it must have been one of the other Principal Walkers. My lame attempt at a joke bore good fruit, however, since on top of the denial that he was concerned in any operation of any kind, was a suggestion that next winter I would probably need a vacation and a rest, and to go down to St. Augustine to be his guest.

A very handsome and very dignified looking man of six feet and built in proportion walked in on me the other day, and came right at me without relaxing his features, with the idea in mind, I suppose, of having me embarrassed in placing him, but it did not go, for before he had taken ten steps toward my desk I made him chase away the frown when I got a good grip on his hands. It was Richard Otto Johnson, head of the great school way out in Indiana, and he was here with his state's Governor and a retinue of eminent citizens to welcome back the boys of that state, and among the welcomed was Superintendent Johnson's son, who accompanied him on his little journey down here in the Wall Street district.

At an affair here the other day, a souvenir program issued for the occasion bore advertisements of the two principal schools for the deaf, one of them making the simple announcement of its work. The other laid great stress on the fact that it was for poor deaf-mutes. Why this should be accentuated is utterly beyond me, for between the City, County and State of New York, the Institution is very well reimbursed for the work it does, and there does not seem to me any necessity for that sort of advertising. If anything I think the eventual result will mean harm to the school, for when parents stop to think that they have the choice of sending their deaf child to a regular public school or a school that parades itself as a

charity, there will not be any hesitation in coming to a decision.

It seems to me that if the Directors of the school cannot do business on a business basis, they ought to go out of business. New York is one of the very few of the forty-eight states of the Union that permits individuals to run a school for the Deaf, and let the State pay for it, which of itself is an odd state of affairs. If, as in some cases, the private corporation has the ability to do better by the deaf child than the State can do, then there is no ground for complaint, but if an odious stress is laid on the fact that it exists to benefit paupers, then it has no valid reason for continuing.



Photo by Pach

MAJOR WESTON JENKINS

At our request Major Weston Jenkins presents the following concerning the part he took in the world-war. As is already known, Major Jenkins is the oldest son of Mrs. I. V. Jenkins, of East Orange, N. J.

Upon the close of the 2nd officers Training Camp I was commissioned as First Lieutenant of Infantry and assigned to Company C of the 307th Infantry 77th Division made up of New York men. On April 7th we sailed from New York for Liverpool arriving there without incident on April 19. Next day we were in Calais, where we were bombed the first night.

We spent six weeks in the northern part of France training with the British. We were the first national army division to arrive in Europe. After this preliminary training behind the British lines we were transferred to the Lunville sector where we went into the line for our first experience in a quiet sector.

About August 1st we were relieved in this sector and sent through Chateau Thierry and Fere-en-Tardenois to the Vesle front.

Here we ran up against real warfare and all the hardships and dangers incident thereto.

About the middle of September we were relieved by an Italian Division and thought we were going out to rest but instead of the rest we thought we were entitled to we were taken in trucks to the Argonne Forest, our depleted ranks filled with partially trained replacements and we went over on September 26th in the wilds of the Argonne.

Two things were of particular interest in the first phase of the Meuse Argonne fighting. One the hard fighting to rescue a portion of our brigade which was surrounded the so called "Lost Battalion" and the capture of Grandpre. In both events our regiment bore the brunt. I had started out on the 26th in command of "E" Company but soon found myself in command of the 2nd Battalion due to casualties in officers. This

battalion suffered very heavily in the attacks to rescue the "Lost Battalion" due to the repeated assaults over the enemy line.

After capturing Grandpre and clearing out the forest, the whole attack paused while preparing for the last advance.

I was relieved from command of the 2nd Battalion at this point and put in command of the 3rd Battalion (Companies I, K, L, and M).

On November 1st we advanced again and going through Buzancy Oaches, Stoune and Rancort reached the Meuse near Tedan on the evening of the 6th. We were reorganizing with the idea of forcing the passage of the river when the armistice went into effect. Patrols from my battalion were the first American troops to reach the Meuse in this vicinity.

Nobody who has commanded American troops in this war can mention it without a feeling of pride and of appreciation of the soldierly qualities inherent in them.

It has been said that this was a platoon commander's war, it is hardly the truth, as far as our army was concerned it was a soldier's war, and to them should go the credit.

[Note.—A citation or a cross is not in the army considered as a really personal affair. Too many have done deeds worthy of mention and of the D. S. C. that is impossible to reward all. It is rather that they are held in trust for the deeds of all, not that the recipient is more worthy than the rest.]

Citation Awarding D. S. C.

This is to certify that Captain Weston Jenkins, 307th Infantry has been awarded a Distinguished Service Cross, No 525 for extraordinary heroism in action in the Forest of Argonne, France, 5th October 1918.

Captain Jenkins commanded the 2nd Battalion of his regiment with conspicuous gallantry. With utter disregard for his own safety he continued throughout the action to direct his troop personally, moving about from place to place under heavy artillery and machine gun fire. Exposing himself to the hostile fire, he encouraged his men in their efforts to break through the enemy line, and succeeded in maintaining their aggressive spirit by his own personal example of fearlessness.

[Signed] Robert Alexander,
Major General,
Commanding.

Citation in Divisional General Orders

"Captain Weston Jenkins, 307th Infantry for gallant and meritorious conduct in action at Cheviers where he was in command of the 2nd Battalion under heavy enemy fire October 15, 1918.

For excellent judgment displayed in advance on Itoune and Oaches and north of LaBesace where he was in command of the 3rd Battalion under heavy enemy fire from Nov. 4th to 6th 1918.

The parents of those bright Southern Smoak boys must have been humorists to name them Pink and Brown respectively, and I am wondering if they have any sisters, and if so, is the color scheme carried out with Carmine, Ruby, etc., etc?

My good friend Mrs. Terry is again warning the deaf to let sound alone. Of course we will, but it's a case of *mut*. The queer feature to me, in Mrs. Terry's argument is in her urging forgetfulness of all that memory holds dear for us where sound is concerned. As to her statement that the speaking deaf assume any superiority over the non-speaking on this account I have never seen any confirmation of except, and solely in that at school, the so-called semi-mute division thought themselves the more favored. As a rule, I find those who do not speak are grateful to us for voicing their wishes under circumstances where speech is necessary, but they take the help, just as we deaf appreciate a hearing interpreter under similar circumstances.

And, will Mrs. Terry advise those brave boys who are returning from the battlefields over there blinded for life, to forget what sight meant to them, and for no other reason than because it is now only a memory?

ALEXANDER L. PACH.



Photo by Pach.

A black and white portrait of a young man in a military uniform. He is wearing a dark, peaked cap with a horizontal band. His uniform jacket has a high collar and a visible button. He is looking slightly to his left with a neutral expression. The background is a mottled, light gray.

Photo by Pach.

A. L. P.



Photo by Pach.

(Mamie Sharp)
A graduate of the Texas School, Gallaudet College student and former New Yorker, now a resident of Newark, N. J. Her husband is with the Army of Occupation in Germany.

New York

Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

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THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

Vol. XXXI JUNE, 1919 No. 9

There never was a time when the school papers ran so to ornate covers, the outside costing, in some cases, more than all the rest of the paper. These covers are quite attractive to be sure, but, unless there is unlimited capital, there is a serious question as to the advisability of the expense.

In the train of riches are many ills, and the ownership of an automobile is not always a bed of roses. While brother A. H. Walker of the Florida School may not be able to certify to the former from experience, he will, we think, in the light of his recent narrow escape from death, always, in future, have a hearty "Amen" for the latter.

MEMORIAL DAY

It was an especially happy circumstance that Decoration Day should come on Friday this year. It gave quite a vacation to the public school child, and barring a few hours on Saturday morning an equally fine period of relaxation to ourselves and the average business man. Owing to the fact that there was such a lengthy holiday, throngs of our old pupils and friends visited us, and the "let-up" was one of the most enjoyable to our children that they have ever had. The athletic events run off by the girls on Saturday were closely contested and attracted a large crowd, and our school was still a Mecca for parents and friends on Sunday. All three were indeed halcyon days with us.

MORE APPRECIATION

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., of Akron, not to be outdone by the Goodyear Co., has established a branch that will look especially after the recreations and general interests of its deaf employees Mr. B. M. Schowe, a graduate of Gallaudet, who was the manager of one of the best basketball teams ever turned out by the college, a crack baseball player, and the champion tennis player during the whole time he was at school, will supervise and direct the work of the deaf men employed by the Firestone and direct their sports during their recreation

THE SILENT WORKER

periods, and it may not be long ere he will have a colony to look after as large and flourishing as that at the Goodyear shop. Deaf workmen are, at last, being appreciated, and are now rapidly coming into their own.

DR. JOHNSON'S RETIREMENT

No piece of news of the past week has occasioned more surprise in the world of the deaf than the retirement of Dr. Richard Otto Johnson from the Superintendency of the Indiana School. He has occupied the position for many years and the general impression was that he held a place in the very fore-front of men in the work. We have not yet learned the exact causes that have led up to the action of his board, but Mr. Johnson is just in the prime of life, the world is large, and we cannot but feel that he will be a much sought executive, should he desire to remain in the profession.

IN NEW HANDS

The appointment of Elbert A. Gruver as Superintendent of the Iowa School for the Deaf is one that will give satisfaction to all concerned. His work at the Mount Airy School, at the Lexington Ave. School, and at the Central New York School stamp him as an executive of the highest type and Iowa is to be congratulated on the choice.

In retiring, Supt. Rothert takes with him the good wishes of the old guard and the new. His thirty-two years of incumbency have been fraught with a world of benefit to his school and he leaves, followed by the esteem and love of his children, their parents, his board, and all of those he has so faithfully served.

ALWAYS WAS A SUCCESS

The Legislative Committee on the Arkansas School evidently came to help and not to hinder on the occasion of their last visit. Their comment was encouraging and their recommendations, when carried out, will inure greatly to the advantage of Bro. Clarke's school. Among other things, they recommend that "a linotype be added to the printing department, and would further recommend that this machine be installed immediately; then they have this to say of his regime:—

"We want to comment on the wonderful work being done by the superintendent and teachers. We find in many instances that students are actually taught how to talk. This work is done by students placing the hand on the piano and the teachers sounding different notes, which the students catch by vibration, first learning the vowels and later to speak full words. This we consider the most wonderful exhibition we ever witnessed."

All of which will be very encouraging to Bro. Clarke.

Somebody's foot slipped however, when there was a clause inserted in the new law

of the state relieving the superintendent of all responsibility for choosing the force. This, no doubt, will be remedied by the Board of Control.

HOMEWARD BOUND

The closing exercises of the school will be held on Thursday afternoon, June 26th, at 2.30 o'clock, and children will return to their homes for the summer holidays on Saturday, June 28th. Children going home over the Reading Road will leave on the 7.32 train, on Saturday morning, June 28th, arriving in Bound Brook at 8.48.

Those going on the Delaware and Belvidere Road will leave at 7.55, arriving in Phillipsburg, at 9.54.

Those going to Camden, Millville, Bridgeton, Cape May, Atlantic City and other points south, will leave on the 9.40 A. M. train arriving in Camden at 11 A. M.

Those going to Freehold, Point Pleasant and Long Branch will leave at 9.33 A. M.

Those going to New Brunswick, Rahway, Elizabeth, Newark and Jersey City will leave in a special car at 10.10, arriving at Market St., in Newark at 11.27 and the Terminal in Jersey City at 11.43.

Parents will please send car-fare for children, at once, sending full fare for all over twelve years of age. The government has increased all railroad fares. Be sure and send enough.

A care-taker will go with the children to Newark, Jersey City and Camden.

If children have trunks, twenty-five cents extra must be sent to cover transfer. Change will be given to children.

Due notice of the reopening of School will be given.

GOOD INVESTMENTS

We have had a large number of accretions to our library during the past session, accretions that have been carefully selected, and that were proportionately valuable; but none that have given more pleasure to our children, or that have proved more useful than the "Book of Knowledge," published by the Grolier Society of New York, and "The Instructor School Library," sent out by the Owen Publishing Co., of Dansville, New York. The former is one of the most splendid encyclopaedias for children, and indeed for grown-ups as well, that was ever published; the latter a wonderful compendium of literature in which may be found pretty much everything worth while that was ever published. Information will be sought from the "Book of Knowledge" because of its profuse illustration and the extremely interesting way it presents things and any gem of literature we desire to find is delved for in "The Instructor School Library" because of the handiness of the volumes, and the ease with which things can be found. We know of no two compilations we would miss more than these, if they were taken from our shelves.

REV. HARRY JOHN VAN ALLEN

Rev. Mr. Harry John Van Allen, Episcopal missionary among the deaf of practically the entire State of New York outside of Greater New York, died suddenly at 2 o'clock, Tuesday morning, April 15th, at his home in Utica, N. Y. For half a dozen years he had never enjoyed a robust health, following an attack of heart trouble from physical overexertion, which culminated in its fatal effect although he appeared to be in his usual health when he retired that night. Only the previous Sunday he made his usual itinerary pastoral services in Troy, Albany and Schenectady and was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. McMahon, of Troy, on Saturday afternoon and evening, enjoying pleasant talk and supper. So his sudden and unexpected death saddened his numerous friends throughout the country.

On February 9th of this year, his 25th anniversary as a diocesan missionary among the deaf in the Episcopal diocese of Albany was commemorated by his communicants and friends at St. Paul's Church, Albany, N. Y. Rev. Dr. Edgar A. Enos of Troy, his long steadfast friend, made the principal address, in which he gave a brief sketch of the history of the commission for the missionary work among the deaf, and concluded with an eloquent tribute to Mr. Van Allen's intellectual endowments. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Wolcott Ellsworth, of Johnstown, N. Y., who in his boyhood was a neighbor and ramble companion of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet in Hartford, Conn., and whose father was a director of the Hartford School, and he gave surprising remarks about his knowledge of the personages and affairs relating to the deaf. Archdeacon Brooks of the church also spoke of his interest in the mission and of his recollections of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet. Rev. Mr. Van Allen made a grateful response for the evidence of appreciations and kind words spoken, and depicted reminiscences of the past efforts of the mission. This service was largely attended by the deaf and the hearing people. Prof. Elwood Stevenson of the Fanwood School interpreted into the sign language for the benefit of the deaf.

Rev. Mr. Van Allen was born in Clayton, N. Y., 27 May 1866. He was a descendant from a Dutch immigrant from Rotterdam, Holland, who settled in Northern New Jersey in the latter part of the 17th century. His father was a Great Lakes ship captain, and in 1870 his family moved to Duluth, Minn., where, at the age of nine years, he lost his hearing by an attack of scarlet fever.

Returning to New York, he attended the Rome School, having had attended public schools in Duluth. Since becoming deaf, he had retained his ability to speak orally and was able to speak fluently throughout his life. After graduating from Rome, he studied at Gallaudet College, graduating with the class of 1889 with the highest honors ever attained there. This college conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts in 1898.

A printer by trade, he went to work on newspapers in Clayton, Rome and Utica, and later was foreman of the Johnstown, N. Y. Democrat. He was later appointed instructor in printing in the Pennsylvania School for the deaf, but in 1893 he again returned to Johnstown.

An anglican churchman by conviction, he became a Bible class teacher at Ascension Church, Washington, in his college days, and while at Philadelphia he was licensed lay-reader at Grace Church, Mount Airy.

In Johnstown he taught a Bible class at old St. John's church, and upon the organization of the Diocesan Commission on church work among the Deaf at the Diocesan Convention in Albany in 1894, through the suggestion of the Rev. J. N. Marvin of Johnstown, Mr. Van Allen was made its lay missionary.

He then moved to Bath, N. Y., across the river from Albany, he worked in the later city as a printer. He organized and directed most of the social activities of the deaf in Albany, Troy and vicinity, and held services on Sundays, and spent evenings in studying theology and church history for Holy

Orders by lamp-light far into the small hours of the night. In December 1898 he was ordained deacon by Bishop William Croswell Doane, with salary which enabled his entire attention to his ministry and other church duties. In February 1902 he was advanced to the priesthood.

In conjunction with his work in the Albany diocese, he held appointment in that of Vermont for sometime, but in 1900 he gave it up to accept a similar appointment in Central New York. In 1902 he moved to Utica, the geographical center of the field.



The Late Harry John Van Allen

Since 1907 he was secretary to the Joint committees of Advice for Church Workers among the deaf, a position which brought him into contact with most of the bishops of the American Church. The Western New York diocese was added to his field of labor in 1916, which extended his range of responsibility from Albany to Buffalo and Ogdensburg to Binghamton. He estimated his mileage of travel in the twenty-five years of his almost methodical life of an itinerant preacher as more than 150,000 miles—equivalent to six trips around the world.

He was married in 1890 to Jessie Ada Oliver, of Glenfield, N. Y., a schoolmate of his at Rome, who survives him. He also leaves two children: Mary, born in Philadelphia, and George, born in Albany. The son was recently honorably discharged from the army with the grade of first-class sergeant, having been sergeant-major of the 613th Aero Squadron for a considerable period.

His church and social work gradually made him a keen observer of the traits and weaknesses of his people who endured the multifarious vicissitudes of life, and the vices and virtues of the human race in general. He was ever ready to offer sympathy and help to those seeking it in times of doubt and difficulty, in the way of spiritual, civil and legal advices, in localities where highly learned deaf men and women were lacking. So his sudden passing came as a great shock to all, his work being greatly appreciated by the clergy of the church as well as the laity, and his place will be hard to fill.

He was a man of scholarly attainments and delighted in studying one language after another, was exceptionally well-versed in Dutch and Hebrew, which facilitated his research work. He was generally admired by clergymen for his great ability in expressing his ideas in terse yet elegant English. Rev. Dr. Enos, himself a literary man, emphasized the fact that if his letters could be collected and published in book form they would be eagerly sought by students of epistolary letters and authorities. He turned his unusual talents to useful and unselfish purposes—a missionary to the deaf—rather than other possibilities, which might have elevated him to higher fame. He also took active interest in, and was well informed about the methods and developments of the education of the deaf and the progress of the deaf people in the country at large.

He was a member of the Holland Society of New York, and other associations of various bodies and intentions, and was a trustee of the Rome School. His main diversion was historical research; he was author of "History of the Van Allen Family in America, 1650-1900," and "History of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, 1820-1895," and contributed a number of papers to magazines, mainly on historical genealogical and philological topics.

The funeral services, held in Grace Church, Utica, were unusually impressive, and was largely attended, and in the chancel were about 20 clergymen joining in the last rites for their departed friend and co-worker. It being the day before the Easter day, many clergymen living outside short trips were compelled to remain at home to attend to their duties. The full choir of the church sang in the service. Bishop C. T. Olmsted, D. D., of the central New York Diocese of the Episcopal church, celebrated the solemn holy communion. Rev. Mr. W. W. Ellsworth of Johnstown, acting as epistoler; Rev. Mr. John D. Chamberlain, of St Ann's Church, New York, acting as gospeler. Rev. Mr. Octavius Applegate, rector of the Grace Church, read the burial services.

His remains were afterwards brought to Glenfield, N. Y., in a baggage car, with his schoolmate, L. D. Huffstater, the photographer of Clayton, N. Y., (where the late Rev. Mr. Van Allen and his son George built a cottage themselves in the Thousand Islands a few years ago), and Arthur T. Bailey, of Schenectady, lay student under Mr. Van Allen, acting as guards.

He was buried in the family plot of Mrs. Van Allen in Glenfield Cemetery, on a slope overlooking a beautiful scenery—the woods and lake where he rambed and fished, and restored his health during vacations for many years. May he rest in peace and may light perpetual shine upon him!

F. E. W. Mc MAHON.

DR. JOHNSON RETIRED

Indianapolis, Ind., June 9.—Richard O. Johnson, who has long been one of the best known deaf school experts in the United States, and who served nine years as president of the Conference of Superintendents and Principals of American Schools for the Deaf, and was on the executive committee of that organization for more than twenty years, was dismissed from the management of the Indiana State School for the Deaf by action of the board of trustees which met at the institution Friday afternoon. For the last thirty-seven years Mr. Johnson has been either assistant superintendent or superintendent of the school. His dismissal came as a very great surprise to those who are in close touch with the school.

The members of the board of trustees, Prof. William W. Black, of Bloomington, and Thomas J. Wilson, of Corydon, republicans, and William P. Herron, of Crawfordsville, and John E. Williams, of Anderson, democrats, together with Governor Goodrich, have expressed the belief that the institution could be of greater usefulness to the people of the state than it has been recently, and that the new management is necessary to keep the school out of a "rut" and make this institution give better results for the large amount of money put into it.

Mr. Johnson's successor has not been announced, but it is understood that the board has an expert in mind and that a new head will be soon chosen. The trustees believe that there are more children in Indiana who should benefit by the institution than there have been in the past, as the accommodations, equipment and teaching staff for greater usefulness are in existence and more could be done for the state with slight increase in expenses.—Ft. Wayne News and Sentinel.

"Say, Pa?"

"What is it?"

"When the Deaf mutes have hot words in anger, don't they get their fingers burned?"

DEAF ATHLETES WIN LAURELS IN THE GRAPPLING GAME

At the Recent A. A. U. Meet in Birmingham, Ala., Champ. Frederick Meagher Successfully Defends His Title. Glenn Smith Wins One.



DEAF man has landed on top again! Nothing unusual about that, you may think, in these days when the silent hustlers are showing up to advantage against all comers in many lines of activity, but the remarkable thing about the feat the repetition of which makes a bigger story than can be crowded into this issue is that it never occurred before in the annals of the deaf. J. Frederick Meagher, who won the bantamweight wrestling championship of the American Athletic Union a year ago has this year turned the same trick, being the first deaf athlete (no other has up to date shown his face in the Worker) to win a national title.

Gary, Ind., has hitherto been known chiefly for its steel and its pedagogical ideas, but lately it has become a big spot on the wrestler's map, largely through its silent mat artists. The Gary flying squadron of six husky grapplers, two of the mainstays of which were J. F. Meagher, 108 pound amateur champion, and Glenn Smith, who was out for the 145 pound championship, descended on Birmingham, Ala., last March, and prepared to do some spring cleaning. They got away with nine out of the sixteen of the A. A. U. medals involved, setting athletic circles agog far and near, but the drubbing they had to assimilate, as well as administer in the process, convinced them that they had not fairly reckoned the strength of their host, who, though not as experienced in the game, showed remarkable tenaciousness in holding onto the "bacon."

On the sporting pages of the press Meagher and his team-mate, "Silent" Smith, were listed as amateur champions just after the "meet," which title they will hold until the next national tournament of the A. A. U., an event that comes annually. By the hit-or-miss reports of newspaper scribes it might have been luck, or something as uncertain, that put the "silent" grapplers on the roll of honor, but the inside story of the grueling bouts they had to come through, in order to attain the dizzy altitude of a national athletic title, emphasizes anew that "hard work wins." In the case of both of them it was brawn plus brains that contributed another point toward keeping the colors of the Gary Y. M. C. A. flying high.

In the preliminaries, Meagher disposed of his opponent in the same whirlwind style that he used when he won his first championship in Chicago a year previous, where one of his falls, secured in 23 three-fifth seconds was the quickest recorded for any of the 127 contestants. It was in the finals though, on which the leading Birmingham daily ran the headline, "Wrestling of Deaf-Mutes is Feature...." that our agile athlete showed the stuff he is made of. Just how he got the remaining obstacle to his title out of the way is best told in the following extract from an account of the fray that appeared in the Gary Post, on the staff of which paper he serves as sporting scribe and humorist:

The feeling against Gary was still tense when the fourth bout was called; finals at 108 pounds, and—just my luck—another tough lad like Vosen had.

Edward Goldberg of the Baltimore, Md., Y. M. C. A., is a well-educated, handsome, cultured gentleman of pleasing personality. In height reaching only as far as my nose, he is broad as a barn door, strong as an ox and quick as a kitten.

This hitherto unbeaten bantam, who has won the South Atlantic A. A. U. 108-pound title three years running, was my equal in science and my superior in strength, speed and condition.

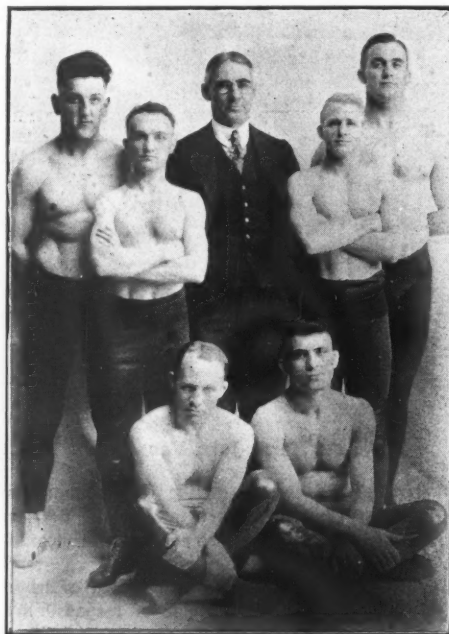
I was certainly up against a tough proposition—both in the ring and outside it. How to palliate the infuriated Alabamians and at the same time beat a better man was a poser.

I mapped out a plan of campaign—and mapped it quickly. With the smiles and bows of a Chesterfield I greeted Goldberg and embraced him lovingly while the referee intoned his time-honored pre-bellum instructions to the gladiators. Goldberg soon had a wicked vertical scissors on me for two minutes and I feared my ribs would crack again as they did in a match nine years ago.

When I got on top I couldn't budge the diminutive Hercules. He was good, gooder goodest—no mistake about that!

We began fiddling around on our feet with me bowing and smiling and patting him in approbation every time he executed a neat piece of mat strategy. The crowd liked that and certainly showed its appreciation.

To this day they probably don't realize it



GARY, IND., Y. M. C. A. WRESTLING TEAM
National A. A. U. and Y. M. C. A. Champions
Kunert 175 Coach Pinneo Lieut. Czarnecke, heavy.
Meagher 108 Vosen ex 115
Smith 145 Tragos 158

Meagher and Capt. Kunert were the only ones of the eight 1918 A. A. U. champions to hold their titles in the 1919 tournament. Meagher and Smith are deaf men.

The above team came out of the "melting pot," the following nationalities being represented in its makeup: German, French, Indian, Pole, Irish, English, and a Greek.

was all for the purpose of confusing the Baltimore bantam and catching him unawares. The unusual and unexpected—you understand.

Sure enough, after six minutes, nine seconds of this novel system it worked. Goldberg grew either careless or confused, for just a fraction of a second. Sufficient. I dived in, raised him high overhead and slammed him down with stunning force.

He was so dazed I had to lift him up and carry him out of the ring under semblance of telling him how good he was. And the crowd didn't "wise up" even then, for they gave me a great hand. "Deaf-Mute One Good Scout," said the papers next day.

No danger of mobbing Gary after that. But I hope I never have to grapple with Goldberg again. He is far too tough a customer to beat two times running.

The finals proved a tough proposition for "Silent" Smith also, who was bent on taking a fall out of Fritz Jones, the Birmingham favorite, and pride of the athletic club of that city as Southern 145 pound title-holder. The local newspaper report got the dope straight on Smith when it said that Jones never had a look in with him, but the fans had come out to see Jones win, in the face of which Smith was lucky even to carry off the decision.

Right there was exhibited some of the rankest discrimination against the deaf that we ever heard of. It appears that Smith, taking every rightful precaution to insure his victory asked a hearing team-mate to count time for him on his fingers

just outside the ropes. To the frenzied "fans" this looked too much like coaching, and they demanded that the "coach" be removed a safe distance. This action was protested to the president of the B. A. C., who interposed in Smith's behalf, saying it was only fair to tell him the time, but another official who seemed to hold the strings wouldn't hear of it. Although Smith didn't get the fall he was after he had the satisfaction of being pronounced by one of the leading sporting writers of the south "The most finished wrestler in the whole tournament."

That the good points in the southern grappling fraternity were in turn appreciated by their opponents is indicated by this comment from Champ. Meagher: "True we almost swept the slate, but we had to 'sweat blood' for every point. Those southerners were all beginners, while we are the pick of the amateur veterans of America. They will be heard from anon, no doubt."

Meagher further expresses his appreciation in speaking of the excellent accommodations afforded by the Magic City. What he calls "another feather in the cap of deafdom" is the interesting fact that the Gary team put the finishing touches on their avoirdupois just before the bouts in the massage parlors of Dr. Edward C. Campbell, the only deaf man in his profession. As a testimonial to the efficacy of Dr. Campbell's treatment, our bantamweight champ. says, "I have reduced in various forms of Turkish baths from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and can honestly say that I never had a bath attendant who could remove those last few pounds so easily and leave me feeling so fine and fit. Dr. Campbell sprung an innovation by giving us an electric massage just before the bouts. After having the 'juice' shot into weary sinews we felt capable of dumping a disauosarus."

Frederick Meagher, who is familiarly known in N. A. D., circles as plain "Jimmy" or "Chief" Impostor chaser, needs no biographical sketch here, but a note or two on his career as a mat artist may be of interest. Like some other successful athletes he was sickly as a youngster but was transformed physically by taking to sports. He attended the late Dr. Westervelt's school in Rochester, N. Y. Later he was instructor in printing at the Washington School and editor of the school paper, which during his time carried the hottest "stuff" of any and more originality in a single issue than most of the I. p. f. crowd can show in a whole volume. So far as is known he is the only bard who ever donned wrestling togs, having won besides his other titles that of poet-wrestler. Another "only" to his credit is that he conducts the humorous column in the Gary Post. He is 32, married, and has a coming grappler in "James Nadric," the namesake of the N. A. D.

Glenn Smith, whose name follows Meagher's on the A. A. U., records, is the only other deaf man thus honored. Like Meagher he was not robust as a youth, but later developed into a strong athlete. As a graduate of the Wright oral school he is an excellent lip-reader, but it took a three-years' course in the University of Notre Dame to show him up physically. There he played centre on one of the big football elevens of the middle-west. In 1913 he went to Gary and there started the wrestling game among the steel mill hands who were spoiling for something to vent their surplus "beef" upon. Smith is at present with the Chicago branch of the U. S. Steel Corporation, where his skill as a mechanical draftsman brings him \$150 per month. He is 28, and—unmarried!

J. H. McFARLANE

It is planned by the Mutes of Goodyear to form a band. F. G. Fancher, bandmaster at Louisiana School for the Deaf, who recently hired in at Goodyear, will take charge, according to A. D. Martin, the Silent welfare worker. At present he is scouring the plant for good material.

—Wingfoot Clan.

N A D F R A T I T I E S

BY J. F. MEAGHER

[We beg our correspondents to confine themselves to prose. Our readers have little stomach for verse.—Editorial in May Silent Worker.]

Says, Porter, peerless pub, says he,
"I can not print your poetree:
Some of it's good but most is bad
So kindly cut it out, my lad—
Desist, refrain, cease, stop, forbear,
Arrest, abstain, check, end, forswear!
My readers grumble, growl and rage
Because verse spoils the printed page
When you and Terry, Nell and Mac
Misscan a trochee. Camel's back
Is bent with straws, is broken quite,
With all the so-called 'verse' you write."

To Porter, peerless pub, I wail
With visage pallid, painful, pale,
"For lovamike! I crave, implore,
Ask, beg, beseech, entreat—aye, more
I solicit and supplicate
Surcease from such a fearful fate;
I love to chortle, bray and rant
In verse because I know I can't."
But Porter grunts "My readers write
That your own estimate is right—
You CAN'T write verse—so do not try,
For my waste basket's piled too high."

WHILE many deaf persons have "made good" operating monotype keyboards, we deaf have always been denied an opportunity to work on the more intricate casting machines. Unlike the linotype, which sets and casts a solid line of type on a slug, (hence the name "Lin-o-Type") the monotype has two separate machines; one much like a typewriter to punch holes in a roll of paper, and a big machine which afterward takes the roll and from it casts the characters, one by one, laying them on a galley much like hand-set type. The word "mono" is Latin for "one," hence the name "monotype."

But, little by little, all trades and occupations are knowing deaf pioneers who blaze the trail for others.

So far as is known young Edwin Hazel of the University Press, Chicago, is the first deaf man to overcome ancient prejudice in this line. Hazel has made such a signal success in his work that the Lanston monotype school in Philadelphia—the largest in the world, and the one which, by special invitation, the frat delegates visited last summer—is reported to have rescinded its order against accepting deaf students in the casting classes.

For months young Hazel persisted in his attempt to transfer from the keyboard to the caster, beseeching skeptical bosses and superintendents until he became a perfect pest. "You can never master the work," they told him, "because you are deaf. Too many parts you can't see or hear, which are easily disarranged and damaged; too many adjustments and too many responsibilities."

But persistency commands success. Pluck is only another way to spell "luck." The regular assistant in the casting room was finally taken sick and in the emergency the foreman sent for Hazel to help out "just for a couple of weeks."

Hazel's cheerful, eager zeal, as well as a natural ability around machinery, made such a favorable impression on the foreman that he was given permanent position as caster's helper.

A deaf man who uses his eyes makes rapid advancement. In a few months Hazel was made night caster, working alone on the battery of four machines. He is here shown in the midst of his expensive and delicate charges—a flashlight taken by H. Witte, one of Chicago's frats.

Hazel has been on the casters nearly two years now, draws fine weekly wages, and has had his picture and a write-up in one of the printers' trade publications. Recently he served as acting foreman while the regular foreman was on vacation.

WANTED—More deaf men like Hazel, men who

have ambition, cheerfulness, persistency, and a wide-awake zeal in whatever they undertake. For employment apply—everywhere. Such are the kind every employer is searching for.

...

A sense of fairness impells me to make a correction of something appearing in "Nadfratities" a year ago. It is a mistake which divers others in the field of deaf periodicals are making; the facts here disclosed in print for the first time may prove interesting.

A year ago, in discussing the deaf colony at Goodyear—long before I ever thought of going there—I remarked on the attempts of the Firestone firm to duplicate the Goodyear record and advised readers to enter Goodyear's employ, "in preference to a firm which never let down the bars against us until the shortage of labor rendered such a move highly expedient," or words to some such effect.

That was an unintentional misstatement, and while no one has asked me to retract, I feel I should do so in fairness to all concerned.

Goodyear was NOT the first rubber company in Akron to employ the deaf.

Firestone "beat them do it."

And Firestone in turn was NOT the first one of the 23 rubber companies—more or less—now in Akron to employ deaf help.

Strange but true!

The first firm was the old Diamond plant, which engaged H. C. Ware about 15 years or so ago.

When the Diamond firm was merged with the Goodrich, Ware was dismissed. To this day Goodrich—the largest rubber company in the world, though Goodyear runs a close second—has never admitted deaf help.

We should worry. Goodrich paid day wages when I was there last fall—\$4.95 a day to all, fast and slow workers alike—while the other plants operate on a piece work basis—paying each man in proportion to his speed and skill. If you don't believe the deaf as a whole excell normal rubber workers for speed and accuracy, just go out to Akron and watch them! My eye!

But that will save for some other article.

When Goodrich took over the Diamond firm and fired Ware, he went to Firestone, where he has been ever since, nearly nine years.

The second plant to employ deaf help was the

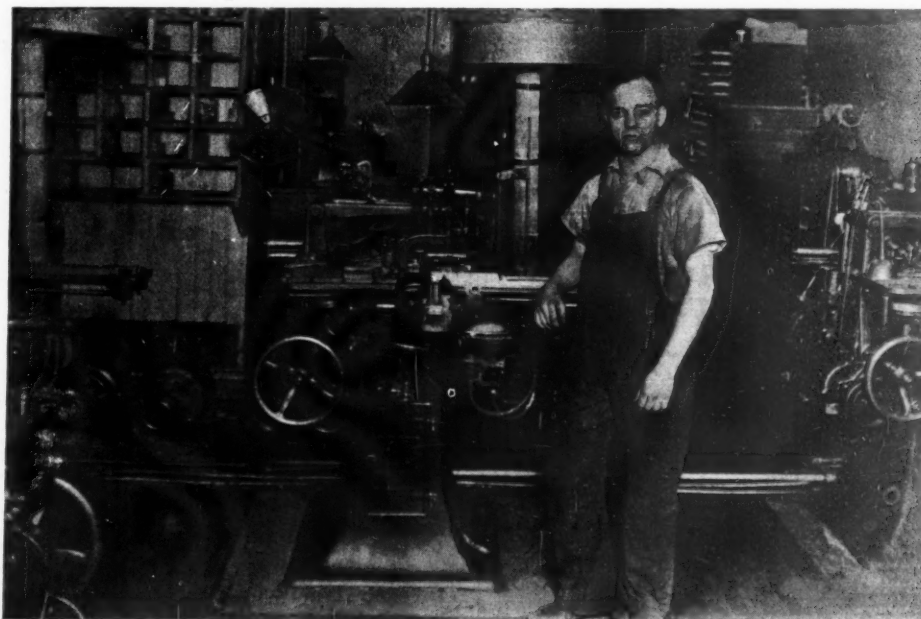
Miller Rubber Co., which makes tires, toy balloons, etc. In 1907 the lady who has since become Mrs. Ware entered its employment, remaining two years. So far as I can ascertain Miller will engage deaf people, but none of us apply there when the big money of the bigger firms are known.

Third comes Firestone. Ware was there only a few weeks when Fred Fuller and Mr. Footman of Goodyear took on the first deaf applicant. These two men have since risen to high positions at Goodyear and during the war were felicitated on their foresight in being primarily responsible for securing some 500 capable, draft-exempt workmen.

While Firestone preceded Goodyear in employing deaf help, it failed to foresee the future, and made no real move to increase its silent force up to the time it sent H. C. Ware to the Philadelphia convention of the N. F. S. D. last July. Goodyear's propaganda, on the contrary, is well known: as the largest single employer of deaf labor in the world, it paved the way for a brighter era of industrial expansion for us everywhere.

As to the merits of the two plants I know little. Last fall Goodyear had nearly 500 deaf people, while Firestone's colony fluctuated between 5 and 17. Goodyear makes a great variety of articles—tires, tubes, Neolin soles, rubber heels, etc.—if you fail in one department you are transferred to other work until you "find your level." Firestone makes nothing but tires and rims. Firestone pays somewhat better wages—but boys who have worked in both plants tell me the Goodyear machinery is much better and easier to operate, which evens things. Goodyear puts it all over Firestone in all forms of athletics (and over all the rest of Akron for that matter)—largely by the great galaxy of ex-Gallaudet and institution stars. The treatment of the deaf by the Goodyear officials scales 101%; of Firestone I know nothing personally, but hear they are O.K.

Numerous teachers and pupils will try the Akron factories this summer; some will find the work sickening and uncongenial and go home knockers, while a larger number will find it just what they love, and remain permanently. No "sure-thing tip" can be given on individual cases; "one man's meat is another man's poison." You have to hoe your own row to find out.



Edwin Hazel, the Chicago Deaf Monotype Caster.

Photo by H. F. Witte

"A man may be down, but he is never out," said the Salvation Army drive poster.

Never out? Jack Dempsey intends to prove otherwise on July Fourth.

...

T. E. Bray Will Head Deaf School.—Wisconsin State Journal.
The gentleman will have to outdo himself to get a hearing.
—Hearst's Magazine.

Hearst ought to know! After reading his Chicago-American one must admit that all the two-legged editorial asses in Hearst's employ seem particularly adept at braying.

...

Those eugenic fanatics who rant and rave over "the danger of a race of deaf-mutes" will not derive much ammunition from the "Our Sons With the Colors" list, carried in The Frat for the duration of the war.

Many fraters had more than one son in the service. Adist of Mich., and Bardes of Pa., had three apiece, while two sons were chalked up to the credit of Dunn, Ark.; Barr, Ind.; James, Iowa; Smith, Md.; Cloud and Harden, Mo.; Grunow, Mich.; Pach, Fox and LaLonde, N. Y.

Unfortunately Jimmy Smith, of Minn., is not a frat, or he would have led the list with four.

...

The Northampton oral products went us sign-using natives one better when they invented their sign for airplane. It is made by the letter "Y" with the forefinger also out—the widespread thumb and little finger representing the wings and the forefinger the fuselage or body of the plane. Wafted slowly through the air the illusion of a plane on high is remarkable.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONCENTRATES

The Colorado School for the Deaf and the Blind fared well during the last season of the legislature of the State. A handsome new gymnasium is to be built at a cost of \$40,000. Besides this, one of the last acts of the state assembly was to adopt a bill providing \$1,500 to pay for readers for the blind and transportation for deaf students of the school who may go to Gallaudet College. The traveling expenses are to be apportioned at the rate of \$150 to each student. Another measure enacted was one making the education of deaf and blind children compulsory. It also passed a law providing for the indigent blind of the state.

The writer attended the Second Annual Banquet of Denver Division of the National Fraternal Association of the Deaf, on April 5th, in company with John Lloyd, of New York City. It was held in the banquet room of the Albany, one of the most exclusive hotels in the city. Covers were laid for 54. One of the features of the evening was the fact that the banqueters had to catch their own trout from a large tank in the grill room of the hotel. As soon as they were caught they were hurried to

the kitchen where they were cooked as only the chefs of the West know. While Denver Division is one of the youngest, there are great possibilities before it and within a year its membership will no doubt show a large increase.

The deaf, as a general rule, seem to be prospering in Denver. Several own automobiles as well as their own homes. The printing trade seems to be well represented, as there is one concern employing four deaf printers, one of them being foreman, Clarence P. Jones, formerly of Colorado Springs, who left last June, is now employed in one of the leading shops of the city.

Frank Northern and F. B. Pleasant, of Denver, have both got the Linotype bug, and have gone to Chicago to the Mergenthaler Linotype School, where they will learn to "tickle the ivories." Success to them! But operating a linotype is like a child with a new toy—the novelty of it soon wears away.

H. S. SMITH.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

Mr. Gross received a letter recently from his son, Corporal Edward G. Gross, who is stationed at the motor assembling base at Marseille, France, in which he stated he had met with a number of deaf French people. He was able to carry on quite a conversation in signs with them—there being not much difference in the signs. He was quite an object of interest to the deaf people as he was the first American soldier they had met that could talk to them in signs. The different companies stationed at the base were engaged in a "Race to Hoboken." The company that came out ahead in points connected with their work stood the best chance of coming home early. His company was in the lead at the time of writing and he felt confident it would be the first to be ordered home in March or April.—Missouri Record.

None of Dr. Smith's four soldier boys have yet returned from France. No word has been heard from Elwyn for nearly three months, and his home folks are beginning to feel worried about his long silence. A letter from James received last week said that he was in Coblenz with the army of occupation. He was at Langres in eastern France, and was ordered to Coblenz. He made the trip through Alsace-Lorraine, stopping one day at Metz. At the time of writing James said that he was quartered in the former kaiser's palace at Coblenz. Sydney's division, the 91st, is booked to sail for home some time this month. Arthur has been promoted to the position of Assistant Chief Clerk in the Headquarters Office, S. O. S., at Tours, with the rank of sergeant. When the squad comes home, Arthur will be in a position to give orders to his older brothers.—The Companion.

Things just naturally evaporate around a school print shop. Of late there have gone one saw, one hammer, one pair of pinchers, one thermometer, several boxes of safety matches, one photograph frame, numerous alphabet cards, several small tablets, one knife file, and about one thousand bushels of patience. Liberal reward will be paid for the restoration of the last named property.—Illinois Advance.

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Sons of Deaf Parents in The War Service

H. Bettels, N. Y. City, has received the following letter from his son, "Eddie," Signal Corps, Twenty-sixth Division, under date November 24:

"Today has been set aside by the A. E. F. as 'Father's Day,' and I'll help the good thing along by writing a long letter to you. You can't realize how happy I was when hostilities ceased, when the great, huge war, which had been raging in Europe for four and a half years, came to a sudden and honorable end. It is one more victory for America, which has always stood for that which is right and just.



Edward, son of Mr. and
Mrs. H. Bettels

"At the time hostilities ceased, I was right up in the thick of the battle, up with the best and whitest boys in the world, the American 'Doughboy,' as you call him, and infantry man. I wrote a letter to mama on the morning of November 11, at 5 o'clock, never realizing that the final day had dawned. I was on duty on a telephone switch board and at 5:40 I overheard that hostilities were to cease that morning at 11. You can realize what that meant. It meant that after nine straight months, under shell fire up on the lines, that my dreams were coming true, that I would have the chance to go home, that I would be among the 'present' at the final roll call. We boys will leave behind many of our friends, many of our comrades, but they will never be forgotten by their comrades in arms. They gave their lives that others might live, and live in peace, and although we will leave them behind, in body and soul, as God willed, they will be in our thoughts very often.

"On February 4, 1918, I heard my first guns and saw and entered my first trench, after being over here for a month. We were with the French, this being our training period, and we were the second American division to enter into actual warfare. I'll never forget my first night in the trenches as our French guide lost his way and naturally we were lost, too. Lost the first night in. Now I will let you into the secret. This sector was just above Soissons, on the Chemin de Dames, where we put in 42 days. We then started for the rear, but the great German offensive started two days after we left, and we were rushed over to the sector, which is known as the Toul and Commercy or first American sector. After wonderful work there, done by the Doughboys, we were rushed up and relieved the Marines on the front of Chateau-Thierry. It was there that the Twenty-sixth Division gained its name, as it was our division that took the Bois de Belleu, Torcy, (the town) and took part in the flanking movement that caused the Germans to evacuate Chateau-Thierry. Never will I forget the second battle of the Marne, which commenced at 5:45 A. M., on July 18. It was the beginning of the end, but little did I realize at the time that the beginning of the end commenced, and that I had taken part in the attack. After pushing the Germans back for five days, we were relieved, and went back for an expected rest.

But after a very short rest, due to so much travel, we were rushed up to make another attack.

"We were a shock division, due to wonderful fighting, and we took part in all the attacks. The next front was on St. Mihiel, where the boys 'went over the top' and added another laurel to the outfit, and took St. Mihiel with its inhabitants. After pushing again for three days, we held the sector for a short while, against many Boche counter attacks. I forget to mention the hiking up to the St. Mihiel front, which took about six nights of hiking from about 9 P. M. to 5:30 A. M. It was some marching, hiking all night and sleeping on the ground in the day, rain or shine.

"Next we went up to the Verdun front, and if there ever was a hell on earth, that was it. I'll never forget the day that I went in, getting caught in a Boche barrage. I thought that it was all over, but I came out without a scratch. Talk about having close calls, machine gun bullets and shrapnel. And you would not know of it now, except for the fact that it is all over and I have come out without even a scratch. But I've been knocked down many times by concussion from shells. I can remember one time being blown down a dugout six or eight steps, due to concussion of a shell. But it's all in a lifetime, and I wouldn't sell my experiences for any money. It was the Doughboys who did such wonderful fighting at Billeu Bois on the Verdun front.

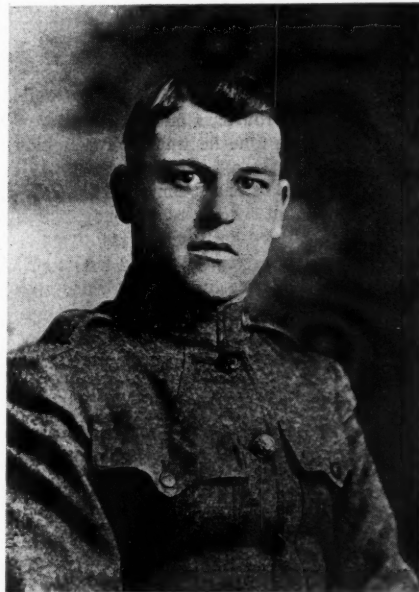
"We may be home in a short while and it may be a long time, but why worry, the realization has come that I have come through safe and sound, healthy and fat as ever.

"Just at present, I'm writing this in an old French couple's house and they have been telling me of the Franco-Prussian war in 1860.

"We are now near the city of Nogent, which is around Dyons. The weather is getting cold and snappier, and Thanksgiving is fast approaching. What a Thanksgiving it will be. The happy days that I've looked forward to are fast approaching.

"I'll have to close now, as I've writer's cramp. Will write very often from now on.

"Wishing you and all my New Rochelle friends a good Thanksgiving dinner and a merry Christmas, followed by a happy New Year."



Corporal W. B. George

Corporal Walter B. George, son of Mr. and Mrs. James B. George has been in the service a little over eight months. He enlisted in the engineers and was later in the 212th Engineers Corps C. Division 12th. During his training he had a good deal of traveling and had seen a good many cities. The south was quite an interest, mainly Georgia. Later he was stationed in Camp Devens about 45 miles from Boston, Massachusetts. He was promoted to Corporal as he only enlisted as a private. He expected to go across shortly before the armistice was signed, but the company did not get to go. Last year he enlisted in the U. S. Navy at San Diego, California and he has had almost six months experience in the navy as second class seaman.

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MUMU: A Novel By Ivan Turgenev

(Continued from last April)

HIS anxiety was unnecessary, however; Gerasim was no longer in the yard. On coming out of the house he had at once missed Mumu. He never remembered her failing to wait for his return, and began running up and down, looking for her, and calling her in his own way. . . . He rushed up to his garret, up to the hay-loft, ran out into the street, this way and that. . . . She was lost! He turned to the other serfs, with the most despairing signs, questioned them about her, pointing to her height from the ground, describing her with his hands. . . . Some of them really did not know what had become of Mumu, and merely shook their heads, others did know, and smiled to him for all response, while the steward assumed an important air, and began scolding the coachman. Then Gerasim ran right away out of the yard.

It was dark by the time he came back. From his worn-out look, his unsteady walk, and his dusty clothes, it might be surmised that he had been running over half Moscow. He stood still opposite the windows of the mistress's house, took a searching look at the steps where a group of house-serfs were crowded together, turned away, and uttered once more his inarticulate "Mumu." Mumu did not answer. He went away. Every one looked after him, but no one smiled or said a word, and the inquisitive postillion Antipka reported next morning in the kitchen that the dumb man had been groaning all night.

All the next day Gerasim did not show himself, so that they were obliged to send the coachman Potap for water instead of him, at which the coachman Potap was anything but pleased. The lady asked Gavril if her orders had been carried out. Gavril replied that they had. The next morning Gerasim came out of his garret, and went about his work. He came in to his dinner, ate it, and went out again, without a greeting to any one. His face, which had always been lifeless, as with all deaf-mutes, seemed now to be turned to stone. After dinner he went out of the yard again, but not for long; he came back, and went straight up to the hay-loft. Night came on, a clear moonlight night. Gerasim lay breathing heavily, and incessantly turning from side and side. Suddenly he felt something pull at the skirt of his coat. He started, but did not raise his head, and even shut his eyes tighter. But again there was a pull, stronger than before; he jumped up . . . before him, with an end of string round her neck, was Mumu, twisting and turning. A prolonged cry of delight broke from his speechless breast; he caught up Mumu, and hugged her tight in his arms, she licked his nose and eyes, and beard and moustache, all in one instant. . . . He stood a little, thought a minute, crept cautiously down from the hay-loft, looked round, and having satisfied himself that no one could see him, made his way successfully to his garret. Gerasim had guessed before that his dog had not got lost by her own doing, that she must have been taken away by the mistress's orders; the servants had explained to him by signs that his Mumu had snapped at her, and he determined to take his own measures. First he fed Mumu with a bit of bread, fondled her, and put her to bed, then he fell to meditating, and spent the whole night long in meditating how he could best conceal her. At last he decided to leave her all day in the garret, and only to come in now and then to see her, and to take her out at night. The hole in the door he stopped up effectually with his old overcoat, and almost before it was light he was already in the yard, as though nothing had happened, even—innocent guile!—the same expression of melancholy on his face. It did not even occur to the poor deaf man that Mumu would betray herself by her whining; in reality, every one in the house was soon aware that the dumb man's dog

had come back, and was locked up in his garret, but from sympathy with him and with her, and partly, perhaps, from dread of him, they did not let him know that they had found out his secret. The steward scratched his head, and gave a despairing wave of his hand, as much as to say, "Well, well, God have mercy on him! If only it doesn't come to the mistress's ears!"

But the dumb man had never shown such energy as on that day; he cleaned and scraped the whole courtyard, pulled up every single weed with his own hand, tugged up every stake in the fence of the flower garden, to satisfy himself that they were strong enough, and unaided drove them in again; in fact, he toiled and laboured so that even the old lady noticed his zeal. Twice in the course of the day Gerasim went stealthily in to see his prisoner; when night came on, he lay down to sleep with her in the garret, not in the hay-loft, and only at two o'clock in the night he went out to take her a turn in the fresh air. After walking in the courtyard a good while with her, he was just turning back, when suddenly a rustle was heard behind the fence on the side of the back street. Mumu pricked up her ears, growled—went to the fence, sniffed, and gave vent to a loud shrill bark. Some drunkard had thought fit to take refuge under the fence for the night. At that very time the old lady had just fallen asleep after a prolonged fit of "nervous agitation;" these fits of agitation always overtook her after too hearty a supper. The sudden bark waked her up: her heart palpitated, and she felt faint. "Girls, girls!" she moaned. "Girls!" The terrified maids ran into her bedroom. "Oh, oh, I am dying!" she said flinging her arms about in her agitation. "Again, that dog again! . . . Oh send for the doctor. They mean to be the death of me. . . . The dog, the dog again! Oh!" and she let her head fall back which always signified a swoon. They rushed for the doctor, that is, for the household physician, Hariton. This doctor whose whole qualification consisted in wearing soft soled boots, knew how to feel the pulse delicately. He used to sleep fourteen out of the twenty-four, but the rest of the time he was always sighing, and continually dosing the old lady with cherry-bay drops. This doctor ran up at once, fumigated the room with burnt feathers, and when the old lady opened her eyes, promptly offered her a wineglass of the hallowed drops on a silver tray. The old lady took them, but began again at once in a tearful voice complaining of the dog, of Gavril, and of her fate, declaring that she was a poor old woman, and that every one had forsaken her, no one pitied her, every one wished her dead. Meanwhile the luckless Mumu had gone on barking, while Gerasim tried in vain to call her away from the fence. "There . . . there . . . again," groaned the old lady, and once more she turned up the whites of her eyes. The doctor whispered to a maid, she rushed into the outer-hall, and shook Stepan, he ran to wake Gavril, Gavril in a fury ordered the whole household to get up.

Gerasim turned round, saw lights and shadows moving in the windows, and with an instinct of coming trouble in his heart, put Mumu under his arm, ran into his garret, and locked himself in. A few minutes later five men were hanging at his door, but feeling the resistance of the bolt, they stopped. Gavril ran up in a fearful state of mind, and ordered them all to wait there and watch till morning. Then he flew off himself to the maid's quarter, and through an old companion, Liubov Liubimovna, with whose assistance he used to steal tea, sugar, and other groceries and to falsify the accounts, sent word to the mistress that the dog had unhappily run back from somewhere, but that to-morrow she should be killed, and would the mistress be so gracious as not to be angry and to overlook it. The old lady would probably not have been so soon appeased, but the doctor had in his haste given her fully forty drops instead of twelve. The strong dose of narcotic

acted; in a quarter of an hour the old lady was in a sound and peaceful sleep; while Gerasim was lying with a white face on his bed, holding Mumu's mouth tightly shut.

Next morning the lady woke up rather late. Gavril was waiting till she should be awake, to give the order for a final assault on Gerasim's stronghold, while he prepared himself to face a fearful storm. But the storm did not come off. The old lady lay in bed and sent for the eldest of her dependent companions.

"Liubov Liubimovna," she began in a subdued weak voice—she was fond of playing the part of an oppressed and forsaken victim; needless to say, every one in the house was made extremely uncomfortable at such times—"Liubov Liubimovna you see my position; go, my love, to Gavril Andreitch, and talk to him a little. Can he really prize some wretched cur above the repose—the very life—of his mistress? I could not bear to think so," she added, with an expression of deep feeling. "Go, my love; be so good to go to Gavril Andreitch for me."

Liubov Liubimovna went to Gavril's room. What conversation passed between them is not known, but a short time after, a whole crowd of people was moving across the yard in the direction of Gerasim's garret. Gavril walked in front, holding his cap on with his hand, though there was no wind. The footmen and cooks were close behind him; Uncle Tail was looking out of a window, giving instructions, that is to say, simply waving his hands. At the rear there was a crowd of small boys skipping and hopping along; half of them were outsiders who had run up. On the narrow staircase leading to the garret sat one guard; at the door were standing two more with sticks. They began to mount the stairs, which they entirely blocked up. Gavril went up to the door, knocked with his fist, shouting, "Open the door!"

A stifled bark was audible, but there was no answer.

"Open the door, I tell you," he repeated.

"But, Gavril Andreitch," Stepan observed from below, "he's deaf, you know—he doesn't hear."

They all laughed.

"What are we to do?" Gavril rejoined from above.

"Why, there's a hole there in the door," answered Stepan, "so you shake the stick in there."

Gavril bent down.

"He's stuffed it up with a coat or something."

"Well, you just push the coat in."

At this moment a smothered bark was heard again.

"See, see—she speaks for herself," was remarked in the crowd, and again they laughed.

Gavril scratched his ear.

"No, mate," he responded at last, "you can poke the coat in yourself, if you like."

"All right, let me."

And Stepan scrambled up, took the stick, pushed in the coat, and began waving the stick about in the opening, saying, "Come out, come out!" as he did so. He was still waving the stick, when suddenly the door of the garret was flung open; all the crowd flew pell-mell down the stairs instantly, Gavril first of all. Uncle Tail locked the window.

"Come, come, come," shouted Gavril from the yard, "mind what you are about."

Gerasim stood without stirring in his doorway. The crowd gathered at the foot of the stairs. Gerasim, with his arms akimbo, looked down at all these poor creatures in German coats; in his red peasant's shirt he looked like a giant before them. Gavril took a step forward.

"Mind, mate," said he, "don't be insolent."

And he began to explain to him by signs that the mistress insists on having his dog; that he must hand it over at once, or it would be the worse for him.

(To be concluded next month)

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OF INTEREST TO THE DEAF OF SOUTH DAKOTA



F THE people of South Dakota ratify the Constitutional Amendment adopted at the recent Legislature, the School for the Deaf at Sioux Falls, will in 1921 pass from the hands of the present Board of Charities and Correction to that of a State Board of Control—a Board that will have jurisdiction over ALL state institutions. And in passing out of the hands of the Board of Charities and Correction a four-year's fight will be ended. The little history of the fight for the removal of the school from the charitable and penal institutions of the state of South Dakota may be of some interest, so I will append it here.

It was during the first days of January, 1915, that the writer sent a bill to a member of the State Legislature to have the school placed among the educational institutions of the state, only to find that it required a Constitutional Amendment to have the desired change. Before I could consult local attor-



Governor Peter Norbeck

neys for a new draft and mail the letter, a blizzard started and kept the railroad tied up for six weeks, so the Legislature adjourned before any communications could be had with it. That ended the attempt to have the State School for the Deaf of South Dakota placed among the educational institutions of the state.

Two years passed by until the Legislature again met in 1917, when a personal friend of the writer, Helge Opland, from Sioux Falls, was connected with the state Senate, and the writer again took his pen and charged him with the duty and responsibility to find out the sentiments of the lawmakers with regard to having the School for the Deaf placed among the educational institutions. He at once followed instructions, interviewed the senators and had a talk with the Governor about the matter, and the Governor was heartily in favor of the change, but the senate members were in favor of abolishing both the Board of Charities and Correction and the Board of Regents, the latter having control of all the state Normal Schools, the University and the Agricultural College. Before more correspondence could be had, bad weather and blizzards again tied up the railroads, and attempt No. 2 was just as much of a failure as the previous one, except, of course, that views of the members of the Legislature and the Governor had been gained, so there was a firmer ground to stand on.

During October last fall the Governor visited our town on a political campaign so the writer thought

it would be a good opportunity to personally learn the sentiments of those "higher up" and accordingly took courage to interview the Governor in regard to his stand concerning the School for the Deaf at Sioux Falls. After the Governor had delivered his address to the people and the usual aftermath fuss of handshaking, congratulations, etc., had subsided, I boldly advanced and addressed the Governor in the Norwegian language, a language the Governor is fully at home with, though born and raised in South Dakota. The Governor's statement was frank. That the Constitution of the state had first to be amended before any radical change could be made to remove the stigma from the School for the Deaf by placing it among the educational institutions.

Last fall H. E. Mosher, one of the leading business men of Dupree, was elected as representative of the district, and as he had been a former citizen of Washington, D. C., and had attended the football games at Gallaudet College, knew what the Deaf can do, I found him a willing servant in introducing a Constitutional Amendment in the last Legislature. Mr. Mosher went enthusiastically at it; but the Governor, fearing trouble between the two boards, decided that it would be the best to abolish both of them and in their place create a new board of three members to be constantly on the job, as heretofore the various members of the two boards have hardly been spending more than one-third of their time in the interest of the institutions under their charge.

To the people of South Dakota:

I earnestly hope that every one of you—men and women—will stand behind this Constitutional Amendment, and that all of you will give it your support on election day in November, 1920. You women have the suffrage now and your vote will count for as much as any man, therefore support this measure that the South Dakota School for the Deaf may be placed on a level with any of the educational institutions supported by the state.

Thanks are due Governor Peter Norbeck, Mr. Helge Opland, Hon. Harry E. Mosher and Mr. Richard Wallace Williams, Gallaudet '95, for encouragement and support.



Hon. Harry E. Mosher

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing and Agreeing to An Amendment to Article XIV of the Constitution of the State of South Dakota creating a board of control, and submitting the Same to a Vote of the Electors of the State.

Be it Resolved by the Senate of the State of South Dakota, the House of Representative Concurring:

SECTION 1.

That at the general election in this state to be held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in

November, 1920, the following proposed amendment to the constitution of the State of South Dakota, which is hereby agreed to, shall be submitted to the electors of the state for their approval.

That Article XIV of the constitution of the State of South Dakota be amended by adding thereto a new section, to be designated as Section 4, and to read as follows:

SECTION 4.

The Legislature may provide for the appointment of a State Board of Control, consisting of three members to be appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate, and whose compensation shall be fixed by law. Such Board shall supersede

the State Board of Charities and Correction, may be invested by the Legislature with the supervision and control, either wholly or in conjunction with other boards, of any or all of the educational, charitable or penal institutions of the State, or of any such institutions which may be sustained rules and restrictions as the Legislature shall provide.

This Constitutional Amendment passed the House next to the last day (March 6, 1919.)

E. L. SCHETNAN.

DUPREE, S. D., March 31, 1919.

Lincoln and a certain judge once fell to bantering each other about trading horses; and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, under a forfeit of twenty-five dollars. At the hour appointed the judge came up leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a nag ever seen. In a few minutes Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden sawhorse on his shoulder. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd; and these increased when Lincoln, surveying the judge's animal, set down his sawhorse and exclaimed: "Well judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade!"

Two Successful Deaf-Mute Jewellers



James P. Pendleton

J. P. PENDLETON & BROS., JEWELERS

William S. Pendleton

The above is a sign displayed over a store on State Street, the principal street of Bristol, Va.—Tenn. Both of the partners in the firm are deaf, yet despite this handicap they own and operate an up-to-date jewelry store which does a large business. Both are expert watch-repairers, with a reputation that brings them difficult jobs from distant places.

James, the elder brother, may be said to be a born watch-maker. When he was a small boy his father's watch went back on him one day and was laid aside until such time as a trip to town should be possible, as they lived on a farm. When no one else was around James took the watch to pieces and then put it together again. Just as he was finishing the reassembling process, his mother came around and naturally gave him a good scolding (if nothing worse), but on examination of the watch, it was found to be running perfectly, and

James's reputation spread to the neighbors who brought him their watches and clocks to mend.

James founded the business in 1885 and his brother William (familiarly known in Bristol as "Cy") joined the firm as an equal partner a few years later. William is likewise an expert watch-repairer. The accompanying picture gives a good idea of their store.

To illustrate the brothers' knowledge of their business: Some years ago they received a shipment of watches from a well known factory, but, after examining them sent about half of the watches back. This was an unusual experience for the factory, which prided itself upon the accuracy of its watches, and the Pendletons were asked for specific reasons for the rejection of so many of the watches. They insisted that the watches which had been returned were not satisfactory, and ultimately an investigation showed

that certain workmen in the factory had been doing poor work and the inspectors had also been napping.

One of the prized possessions of James is a watch which he made when a boy. The case is of wood, the works of parts of a discarded watch, and the dial a piece of bone, cut down and marked with pen and ink. This watch, which is not much larger than ordinary watches, kept good time for many years.

Neither of the brothers can hear nor speak, but they are so well known in Bristol that this handicap matters little, and their skill and familiarity with the work is so evident as to gain the confidence of any stranger who might have misgivings about entrusting a costly timepiece to a deaf man. Both are married, their wives being also deaf.

H. C. MERRILL.

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Professor Daniel R. Hodgdon of the New Jersey State Normal School says:—

"I cannot help writing this personal letter to express how well pleased and pleasantly disappointed I am over the Book of Knowledge. I started somewhat prejudiced to read it because of the arrangement, but the subject matter is so helpful to children and teachers, that I am very enthusiastic over the book. It heads my list for adoption in this school and I have shown it to many superintendents."



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GIVE FULL HEED to what *President Wilson* says: "I would therefore urge that schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that *the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*"

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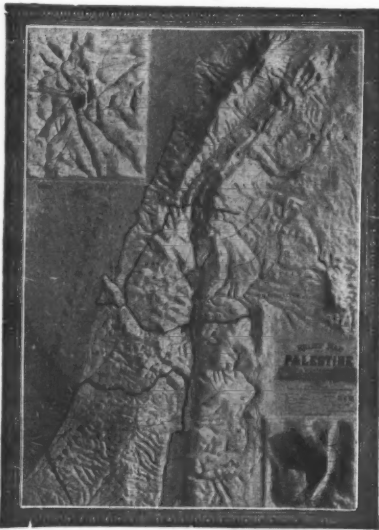
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Laughs

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Schoolboy (inquiring at a book store).—"Have you 'Lamb's Tales'?"
New Clerk.—"This is a book store, not a meat market."

A dorkie asked his minister how hot hell was. "Well," said the minister, "A' can't say exactly but I can give a guess. If yo' took all de pine in Michigan, piled it up around all de coal in Pennsylvania and sprinkled it wid all de oil in Oklahoma, lit it, waited till it got to burnin' good and den threw er mon f'm Hell on to it he'd freeze to death in a minute."—Selected.

"The cook burned the steak again!" cried the exasperated housewife.
"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Nuwed; "wouldn't coal be cheaper?"

Standing by the entrance of a large estate in the suburbs of Dublin are two huge dogs, carved out of granite. An Englishman going by in a motor car thought he would have some fun with the Irish driver.

"How often Jack, do they feed those big dogs?"
"Ivry time they barks, soor," was Jack's reply.

He was very black, and in his khaki he looked like coffee and chocolate ice-cream. After eating a hearty meal in the American Red-Cross canteen at — he sat down with a book, near the counter. The kind-hearted directress looked once or twice in his direction, and was surprised to see big tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Why, now this will never do!" she said kindly. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

He dug his knuckles into his eyes and replied:
"I sholy am ashamed to make a baby outen myself, ma'am. This yer book done make me so homesick!"

She picked up the book he had been reading. It was the canteen cook-book, and it was open at the section on 'How to Fry Chicken.'—Saturday Evening Post.

OUT

Dignified Old Gentleman—Young fellow, you should always stop to count ten before you strike another person.
Mickey the Mauler—Awgwan with that other-cheek stuff, uncle; by that time the referee'd be countin' ten over me prostrate form.

MISSED HIS OPPORTUNITY

"No mum," said a wounded soldier regretfully, "I never shot a German, an' I had a good chance, too. The 'Uns was chargin' in close order. 'Shoot at will!' shouted our captain. 'Which one is he?' I asks; an' before anyone could tell me I got hit in the chest!"—Sel.

A SUGGESTION

The Officer—Here, you said you were a painter and could rig up some camouflage to hold the enemy back. What have you done?

The Private—I've made one of the best signs I ever painted. It reads 'No Trespassing' in four different languages.

ROCKED TO SLEEP

An old dorkie went to the judge and wanted to have his wife arrested for rocking him to sleep.

"Why man," said the judge, "you can't have your wife arrested for rocking you to sleep."

"That's all right, judge," replied the dorkie, "but you should have been seen the rock."

DIFFICULT FEAT

The school girl was sitting with her feet stretched far out into the aisle, and was busily chewing gum, when the teacher espied her.

"May!" called the teacher, sharply.

"Yes, ma'am?" questioned the pupil.

"Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"—Florida Times-Union.

INVIDIOUS DISTINCTION

A colored sentinel challenged another colored soldier who seemed to be carrying something inside the lines.

"Who goes there?" he asked.

"Lieutenant with a jug o' gin," was the answer.

"Pass, Lieutenant! Halt gin!" commanded the sentry.

STRINGING HIM

"Hello, Smith, I hear you went fishing yesterday! What time did you go?"

"Four-thirty a. m. train out."

"Any luck?"

"Yes."

"What did you catch?"

"Six-thirty train home!"—Ex.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S JOB AFTER THE PARTY WAS OVER

Several members of a women's war working party had assembled at the house of another member and were chatting with the little daughter of their hostess.

"I hear you are a great help to your mother," said one.

"O! yes," replied the little girl. "Mamma gives me a task to do every day."

"Oh-h!" remarked the lady, "And what is your task for today?"

"I have to count the spoons after you have all gone."—Titbits.

ENTIRELY IMPERSONAL

A pretty girl at an evening party was bantering a genial bachelor on his reasons for remaining single.

"No-oo, I never was exactly disappointed in love," he said. "I was what you might call discouraged. You see, when I was very young I became very much enamored of a young lady of my acquaintance. I was mortally afraid to tell her of my feelings, but at length I screwed up my courage to the proposing point. I said, 'Let's get married.' And she said, 'Why, who'd have us?'"—Tit-Bits.

THE BABY'S TASK

It was time for baby girl to be in bed, but no amount of coaxing would take her. At last father offered to lie on the bed till she fell asleep. Off she went pick-a-back, and the tired mother leaned back in her chair with a sigh of content, ready for a hard-earned rest.

Ten minutes—twenty—half an hour, and she was wondering when father would be down, when all at once she heard a soft, stealthy pit-a-pat. Nearer came the steps, and then a little white-robed form with a tiny finger on her lips stood in the doorway.

"Hush, hush, muvver," she said; "Is got farver to sleep."

National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1880 Incorporated 1900
AN ORGANIZATION FOR THE WELFARE
OF ALL THE DEAF

Objects

To educate the public as to the Deaf;
To advance the intellectual, professional and industrial status of the Deaf;
To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;
To oppose the unjust application of liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;
To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment;
To co-operate in the improvement, development and extension of educational facilities for deaf children;
To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all;
To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the impostor evil,—hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;
To raise an endowment fund,—the income of which is to be devoted to furthering the objects of the Association;
To erect a national memorial to Charles Michael De L'Epee,—the universal benefactor of the Deaf.

Membership

Regular Members: Deaf Citizens of the United States;

Associate Members: Deaf persons not citizens of the United States and Hearing Persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

Fees and Dues

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50c. Life membership, \$25 paid into the Endowment Fund at one time. All Official Publications free to members.

Official Organ: THE NAD

Every deaf citizen and all others interested in the advancement of the Deaf along educational and industrial lines are urged to join the Association and co-operate financially and otherwise in promoting its objects.

Life memberships, donations and bequests towards the increase of the Endowment fund are especially needed and earnestly solicited to the end that permanent headquarters, in charge of salaried experts, may be maintained for the more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the work of the Association.

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Junior Year

First Term—Twenty Weeks

Psychology	3*
Arithmetic	3
Biology	3
Drawing	2
English	3
Library Methods	1
Music	2
Penmanship	1
Physical Education	2
Observation and Practice	6
Preparatory Education of the Deaf	2
Special Subjects Relating to the Deaf	1

Second Term—Twenty Weeks

Psychology	3
Arithmetic	3
Biology	3
Drawing	2
English	3
Music	2
Penmanship	1
Physical Education	2
Lip-Reading	1
Observation and Practice	5
Preparatory Education of the Deaf	1
Special Subjects Relating to the Deaf	2
Speech	2

Senior Year

First Term—Twenty Weeks

Educational Measurements	2
Observation and Practice	8
Reading and Spelling Methods	3
School Management	3
Manual Training	2
Music	2
Physical Education	2
History of the Education of the Deaf	1
Language	2
Lip-Reading	1
Special Subjects Relating to the Deaf	1
Speech	1

Second Term—Ten Weeks

History of Education	3
Principles of Education	3
Cooking	4
Industrial Arts	4
Physical Education	4
Sewing	4
Academic Education of the Deaf	2
Observation and Practice	1

The subjects named above are studied for either the first or the last ten weeks of the term; the other ten are devoted to practice teaching.

*The number following each title indicates the periods per week devoted to the subject.

Catalogue, giving entrance requirements and a full description of the course, will be mailed to any address upon application to the principal J. J. SAVITZ.



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The Spice Box

By Harry E. Stevens

Many people are failures because they do not rise above the things that discord and irritate them. Man is so constituted that he does his best work when happiest. He is constructed on the happiness plan. When he is most harmonious and most in tune he is most efficient.—Wroe's Writings.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS EASY

- To apologize,
- To keep on trying,
- To begin over,
- To think and then act,
- To admit error,
- To profit by mistakes,
- To be unselfish,
- To forgive and forget,
- To take advice,
- To shoulder a deserved blame,
- To be charitable,
- To be considerate,

—But it Always Pays.

—McClary's Wireless.

LONG LIFE

When a man arrives at the age of ninety-six, he should give up some of the frivolities of youth and practise some conservation of his energies. At least, that is what Doctor Stephen Smith of New York City tells us. He has lately celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday and has decided to permit himself an extra half hour in bed, especially when he intends to have a dinner at night where he is expected to make a speech.

Dr. Smith was a stripling of seventy when in 1893 he assumed the duties of chairman of the State Board of Charities, and he remained an active member of it until last year. He still remains in medical practice, chiefly as a consultant and for the benefit of brethren of his profession, it being his creed that when a man falls out of step with his work and fellow men, he is on the decline and unlikely to make old bones.

Dr. Smith says, "A man makes a grievous mistake when he gives the milestones of life serious consideration as he passes them one after the other." He does not permit himself to feel the weight of years. He does not know, he says, whether he is ninety-six, or seventy-one, or thirty-eight. Others may keep the tally of his birthdays if they find any interest or entertainment in it, but for himself, he chooses not to give the numerical significance of the day a single thought.—Graphite.

OMINOUS OMENS

If you dream of smelling smoke, it is a sign you are asleep and had better wake up. To see a paper hanger papering over a flue hole indicates an impending loss. It is bad luck to look in a dark closet with a match. If you

can see your shadow from an old lamp while filling a gasoline stove it indicates a crowd of people coming to your house. When the wind moans it is extremely bad luck to burn trash near the house. If you smell gas or gasoline and look for it with a light it foretells that you are about to start on a long journey. Even if your house and furniture are "covered by insurance" it is extremely unlucky to have them burn on Friday the 13th.—Doorways.

Two men in a bulletin board congregation yesterday were discussing Kaiser Wilhelm's boasts of divine aid, when one remarked that the kaiser's name could be found in the Bible.

"Nonsense!" replied his companion. "I'll wager anything you want that you can't find it."

The other accepted the wager and produced a German Bible. Turning to Matthew, xxii, 21, he read: "Give to the kaiser the things which are kaiser's."

"Let me see that Bible," demanded the man who lost the wager. Sure enough, he read in German: "So gebet dem Kaiser was des Kaisers ist."

The German Bible translates "Kaiser" what the King James version translates "Caesar."

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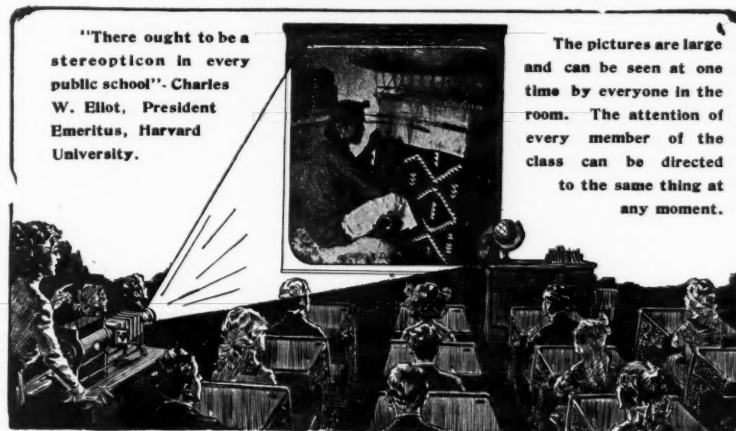
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June, 1919

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OUR MEMORIAL DAY VISITORS

The Largest Gathering of the Alumni that ever met at the School at one time. Don't they look Prosperous?

Among our visitors on Memorial Day were:— Misses Peggy Renton, Louisa Parella, Lillian Leaming, Edith Tussey, Isabelle Long, Edna Snell, Carrie Christophers, Ethel Collins, Elizabeth MacClaire, Clema Meleg, Pearla Zoltock, Annie Savko, Harriet Tobin, Katie Ehrlich; Mr. and Mrs. Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright, Mr. and Mrs. Bennison and their daughter; Mr.

and Mrs. Isaac Bowker, Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson and their daughters; Mr. and Mrs. Hans Hansen; Messrs. Frank Hoppaugh, George Brede, Frank Penrose, George Hummel, David Simmons, Joseph Westwood, Robert VanSickle, Alfred Shaw, Otto Reinke, Andrew McClay, Lorraine Pease, Walter Jackson, George Porter, Roy Hapward, Vito Dondiego, Henry Koster, Harry Dixon,

Miles Sweeney, Walter Throckmorton, Thomas Kelly, John Gronkowski, Walter Battersby, William Battersby, Chas. Quigley, Alphonse Barbarulo, Louis Pugliese, Angelo Avallone, Robert Conley, Fred Ciampaglia, Martin Glynn, Frank Mesick, Joseph Azzariti, Michael Callandra, Joseph Higgins, Fred Waltz, Chester Steiner, James Hetzel, Edward Wergzyn, Frank Parella, Frank Purcell.

School News

On the home stretch.

The thermometer is rising rapidly.

What is so warm as a day in June?

Only two more weeks until we are off for home.

All eyes are turned lovingly towards the new site.

The pic-nic on Saturday afternoon was most enjoyable.

Rather a shorter vacation this year than usual.

We had another one of Mr. Newcomb's splendid motion picture shows, Saturday evening.

Jessie Casterline, as was expected, carried off the largest number of prizes on the 31st.

The Girls' Home has a splendid big automobile. Why haven't we?

The banner of the Calm Society has been completed and placed in position in the Cottage.

The coat just finished for Margaret Jackson is one of the most artistic ever turned out in our sewing department.

Charles McBride's mother was a recent visitor. and, when she went away, Charles was a fine suit of clothes the richer.

Give him a good rope and Frank Madsen can "skip a double." Can you? It is not an easy thing to do by any means.

The girls who are walking around with prizes won at the meet are objects of no little envy to the rest of the participants.

It may be, as we have often heard, that the linotype stops automatically when anything gets into the machinery, but Marion Apgar got quite a pinch on Tuesday, just the same.

Edward Campbell is beginning to look askance at his short trousers, and we would not be surprised at any time if that grandma, who is so good to him, put him into long ones.

The game of baseball on the afternoon of Memorial Day between our school team and the alumni was a hummer. The tide of victory turned frequently and it was hard to predict a winner till it was all over. Our boys finally nosed out, the complete score being 18 to 16.

Friend Boxley would have been with us on Decoration Day, only the train left five minutes ahead of schedule time or he was five minutes late, or something. Anyhow, he intended to come. Alfred Greiff is now working with Mr. Boxley in his cutting-room, and all reports from there are to the effect that Alfred has made good.

SUPPLEMENT TO

The Silent Worker

GENERAL EDITORS

JAMES DAVISON '19

ESTHER WOELPER '19

ASSISTANTS

WILLIAM FELTS '19	Calm Society
ERNEST DE LAURA '22	Boys' Athletic Association
MATTHEW GRONKOWSKI	Boys' Reading Club
JOSEPH PEPE '22	Pope Cottage Club
MAY LOTZ '20	Junior Cadet Officers
ESTHER WOELPER '19	Girls' Athletic Association
	Girls' Reading Club

The boys were never as perfect in their drilling as on the morning of Decoration Day. They moved like clock-work and their manoeuvres elicited high commendation from everybody.

A sparrow hawk was among our bird-visitors last week. He was anything but welcome, for we know that he is just as fond of young robins and orioles as he is of sparrows. He must have known that he was a *persona non grata*, as he lingered but a few minutes.

There are at least five robin's nests on our grounds. No one has located more than these. Our tree-doctor has shut up all the old-time available holes; so that our flickers have not yet returned. Nor are we able to find any Baltimore oriole's nest or any chipping sparrow's nest.

Our senior team arranged, sometime ago, to play a game with the Princeton team on Saturday afternoon. Great was their disappointment to find that the field sports of the girls were set for the same day. Their only consolation was that they came off victors in the Princeton event by the score of 33 to 8.

The last re-union of the year was held on the evening of the 30th ult. It was held in the girls' study hall and was attended by all of the older pupils, the visiting alumni, Supt. Pope and his wife, a number of the teachers and quite a few outside friends. There were games and dancing until ten o'clock, and the occasion was voted by all to be the very best of the whole season.

Anna Robinson has been made happy three times in rapid succession during the past week. First, her brother, whom she had not seen for a long time, dropped in to see her; second, her aunt promised her a trip to New York, during the coming summer, and, third, her mother brought her a pretty new dress. Is it any wonder that Anna is always smiling?

The boys and girls of the Vail Literary Society will have a picnic on our new grounds at Trenton Junction on the 14th. An interesting program is being arranged, one of the most interesting features of which, probably, will be the baseball game with nine boys and nine girls on each side. The weather is now the only question. Everything else is assured.

The parade of Battalion 113th Infantry 78th division passed directly by the school, and we all had a good opportunity of witnessing it. The boys looked bronzed and rugged, and we were most glad to see them back.

ITEMS BY PUPILS

We had a good time on Field Day.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! it is June and we are very glad to go home for we always enjoy our vacation.

We will have a picnic next week on Saturday. That day will be Jessie's birthday. It is very nice

for her to have a picnic. I hope we will have lots of fun.

I received a letter from Edith Cohen last month. Her brother has arrived home from France. She says he looked very fine and he got a pretty watch from the Germans. He is a hero and she is proud of him.

MAY LOTZ.

I have begun to think that the most beautiful poem in all the world is the one entitled "In Flanders Fields." Everyone who repeats it can't help feeling sad. Don't you think it is one of the great poems of recent times?

Yesterday, I wrote a long letter to my dear mother. It was twelve pages. I hope mother will be pleased with it.

It is so awfully hot downstairs in our cooking room that I wish we had cold weather again.

There was a tired lot of girls after the field sports. The next day, I felt like an old lady of sixty-one, but I now feel like a girl of sixteen again.

ESTHER FORSMAN.

We shall go home very soon.

We shall be glad to see our parents and families.

I hope that the deaf boys and girls will have a good time at home.

Parker Jerrell came back to school last Wednesday. He wrote cards to the Cadet Officers last Saturday that he would come back to school on Monday but he did not come till Wednesday.

I am very glad because he is a captain in Company "B" again. He brought a sword and a German officer's helmet and showed them to us.

We are very glad to go to the movies at the Trent Theatre, Thursday afternoon. We saw "Daddy-Long-Legs" in the movies. The star character in "Daddy-Long-Legs" was played by Mary Pickford. Mr. Moses is very kind to us. We call Mr. Hansen "Daddy-Long-Legs" because he is a tall man.

The trees, grass, flowers and everything are very beautiful on our grounds.

We started to use our guns in the drill of Companies "A" and "B" two weeks ago. We use the new uniforms and guns every Sunday while we drill.

We went with Mr. Sharp and Anthony Groundy last Tuesday afternoon and took the flags from

our school-room because we went to see the big parade of the 113th Infantry. We saw many soldiers wearing U. S. helmets on their heads and some of the deaf boys and girls had friends in the parade.

CHARLES Mc BRIDE.

On Sunday, May 25, was a hot day and some of the boys including myself wished to go to the Log Basin; so we got permission from Mr. Gompers to go there after the military drill. Before arriving there, I thought that the water would be cold because it was May, but arriving there, I found the water was warm. We enjoyed swimming. We swam until it was time for us to get the car bound for the school for supper. We surely had a good time.

Yesterday afternoon, about ten of us boys went to the Delaware River to swim. We did not swim near the Jersey side, but near the Pennsylvania side which we reached by rowing the boat over which we hired for 25 cents per hour.

On Memorial Day, we had a good time seeing the base-ball game played between our first team and the alumni and in talking with the alumni and at the party held in the girls' reading room in honor of Memorial Day. I think many more visitors came here than ever before. After visiting all around, one of the alumni, Walter Battersby, said that he wished to be back here again, because we have good trades and many things are changed.

We had a chance on Sunday to see Dr. Roller, Mr. Pope's friend of New York, who came here yesterday. Before that, we heard of him very often but never saw him until yesterday. I knew him to be a wrestler and a doctor without being told what he was, because I had read about him.

JOSEPH WHALEN.

VAIL LITERARY SOCIETY

The Vail Literary Society held its annual picnic, on Saturday, the 14th, at our new site up the river, arriving there at 10.30 in the morning and returning at 7.30 in the evening.

It being Flag Day exercises appropriate to the occasion were held upon our arrival. The following was the program:—

Innovation and address on "The Flag," by



OUR BOY SCOUTS

Our troop of Boy Scouts, under the direction of Scoutmaster B. H. Sharp, has had a most successful year. It now has an enrollment of twenty-six and has held meetings every other Friday evening during the term. It has had frequent lessons in signalling, bird life, trees, plant life, and other subjects pertaining to the work, while four long hikes have added zest to the activities

of the spring. The boys have always exhibited the greatest interest and George Birch is entitled to especial commendation for the assistance he has rendered at all times. A particularly gratifying phase of the work has been the generous pecuniary assistance extended by their friends, and of this they desire to make sincere acknowledgment.

Supt. Alvin E. Pope, interpreted in signs by Mr. Walker.

Reading: "A Song for Flag Day," by Jessie Casterline, Ruth Ramshaw, May Lotz, Anna Robinson, Marion Apgar, Esther Woelper, and William Felts.

A bountiful dinner was partaken of at one o'clock, and in the afternoon a game of base-ball was played between two nines, each composed of five boys and four girls.

When the game was over the party wandered over the site, and after an enjoyable supper, they returned to school, reaching here in good time for the Saturday evening bath and retirement at the usual hour.

FIELD DAY

The first annual meet of our girls was held on the afternoon of May 31st., and was participated in by all except the very youngest kindergarteners.

It was under the direction of Mr. George Gompers, our military trainer, and Miss Ada Studt, the physical director of the girls; Mr. Porter, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Hansen acting as judges.

The following were the results of the various competitions:—

Fifty-yard dash, older girls—First, Jessie Casterline; second, Viola Savercool; third, Blanche Martin.

Thirty-five-yard dash, small girls—First, Bertha Szymanski; second, Helen McMickle; third, Margaret Ognbene.

Fifteen-yard three-legged race, older girls—First, Esther Woelper and Jessie Casterline; second, May Lotz and Minnie Ruezinski; third, Olga Samikeyvick and Sophie Micklanes.

Baseball throw, small girls—First, Hazel Carrigan; second, Signe Nordberg; third, Sara Atkinson.

Fifteen-yard dumbbell race, older girls—First, Jessie Casterline; second, May Lotz; third, Blanche Martin.

Running high jump, small girls—First, Mabelle Smith, 2 ft. 7 in.; second, Rosie Green, 2 ft. 6 in.; third, Annie Stempkowski, 2 ft. 5 in.

Running high jump, older girls—First, Esther Woelper, 4 ft. 1½ in.; second, Anna Robinson, 4 ft. 1 in.; third, Minnie Ruezinski, 3 ft. 9 in.

One hundred-yard relay, older girls—Winning team, Marion Apgar, Emma Allen, Nunziata Ristaino, Theresa Pappers.

Twenty-five-yard sack race, small girls—First, Bertha Szymanski; second, Mabelle Smith; third, Hazel Carrigan.

Tug-of-war, older girls—Seniors vs. Juniors—Won by Juniors.

Prizes were awarded by Superintendent Alvin E. Pope as follows:

First place in any event, blue ribbon badge; second place, buff ribbon badge; third place, white ribbon badge.

Winning team relay race, buff and blue ribbon badge.

Prizes for older girls: Individual scoring most points—First, a silver spoon, won by Jessie Casterline, 15 points; second, a fountain pen, won by Esther Woelper, 10 points; third, a box of candy, won by May Lotz, 6 points.

Small girls—First, a box of candy, won by Bertha Szymanski, 10 points; second, a box of candy, won by Mabelle Smith, 8 points; third, a silk handkerchief, won by Hazel Carrigan.

DEAF SCHOOL FOLK HAVE FARM OUTING

Members of the faculty and the teacher staff of the New Jersey State School for the Deaf are enjoying an outing today at the Scudder Farm, near Trenton Junction, the site selected for the new home for the institution. Superintendent and Mrs. Alvin E. Pope are included in the party. A program of games and athletic events has been arranged and refreshments will be served.

The boys of the institution are participating in field day events this afternoon.—Trenton Times, June 7th.

MRS. JENKINS SEES TABLET TO HUSBAND

Mrs. Weston Jenkins of East Orange today visited the State School for the Deaf for the purpose of viewing the tablet erected there by the

deaf of New Jersey, in honor of her husband, the first superintendent of the institution. While the tablet has been in place some time, this was the date agreed upon for the official viewing of it by Mrs. Jenkins, who was welcomed by Superintendent Pope.—Trenton Times, June 7th.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

Alexander Pach Esq., Mr. and Mrs. Hesley and Mr. and Mrs. McMann, of New York, were among our visitors of Sunday. They and Mr. Porter were the guests of Mr. Pope at dinner, and after dinner all took a big car and ran out



Hesley McMann Porter Pach
Photo by Miss Marion C. Apgar

to the new site. To say they were delighted with the latter scarce expresses it. They just revelled in its beauties and during their subsequent run to Princeton and through the upper part of the county, they could scarce talk of anything else but the splendid location for the new school they had just seen.

Here and There

The Discoverer of Coal

All through the war for independence Obadiah Gore served under General Washington. At the close of the struggle he located in Bradford county, Pa., where he acted as justice of the peace for several years, and was highly respected as a prominent citizen. In company with his brother Daniel, he determined to make an examination of the queer black rock which outcropped on his brother's farm. It was often the cause of bother to the farming operations, rendering some of the fields unworkable. Frequently it had been referred to as a nuisance, but Obadiah, who had a liking for geology in an amateur way, was of the opinion that the black rock had fuel qualities in it.

A trial was first made in the fireplace on the Gore farm with unsatisfactory results. Later another trial was made in a blacksmith shop near the farm. By helping the fire with the bellows it was found that an intense heat could be made.

The blacksmith shop was soon a center of interest among the people who lived for miles around. It was seen that the use of coal rendered the working of iron easier, and results could be obtained which the use of wood did not permit. The little smithy was soon a thriving industry as well as a novelty. Many things of iron, like andirons, cranes and other kitchen utensils used in the old days, were turned out, and the use of coal for manufacturing purposes was demonstrated.

Its value as fuel for the home was discovered by Philip Ginter, a few years later (in 1700.)

The Game of Life

Keep this in mind: Do not lose courage nor your hold on life. Do not throw yourself away because you went down once or twice, or even a hundred times. Be game. The world has no use for a yellow streak, and the world is moving too fast to remember our fumbles. A few pessimists along the line might try to taunt you into throwing up the game, but forget them. They might hit it harder than you before the game ends. Be sorry for the past and then forget it with its regrets. Get back into the thick of the fray.

Face the future with a smiling face. That wins—Ex.

The Man Who Won the War

Belgium won the war by delaying the German hordes on her borders, writes Floyd Gibbons.

Great Britain won the war by blocking the road to the channel ports and by strength of her navy.

France won the war by her heroic sacrifices at Verdun and in the first battle of the Marne.

The United States won the war by producing the needed superiority of fighting strength to turn the uneven balance in the fourth year of the conflict.

The Wonders of Paper

The magic fabric, after all, is paper.

A man will work for you all day on the jump, risk his life and soul—if you hand him a little piece of paper at night with compensating words inscribed thereon.

Take a few sheets of plain white paper and make the right marks on them and you are famous for life—even as Abraham Lincoln during a train ride back in the Civil War days picked up a scrap of brown wrapping-paper, scratched off a few unreadable characters and brought into being that classic, "The Gettysburg Address."

Rockefeller can take a virgin sheet of paper, inscribe a few words and his name on it, and the bank will hand you out its very soul thru the latticed window. Take a piece of paper and daub some paint on it—that is, daub it on right—and wealthy men and women will offer small fortunes to buy it for their palaces. Little pieces of paper, purchased by countless millions of American citizens from the Government during the past year, backed our boys in the trenches.

Wonder of wonders: a bit of white or colored paper. We will die for it; live for it, which is harder; go through fire and water for it!

The first letter from your best girl was on a scrap of paper. The last letter from your favorite grandchild is on a bit of paper. Your birth-card, your marriage license and your death notice are on bits of paper.

Indeed, where would the old world be without paper?

The Rhine

The fact that the military forces of the United States have crossed the Rhine adds another momentous chapter to the wonderful history of that river.

The Rhine has always been a frontier river—a dividing line between nations and peoples—and at the same time a highway from the Alps to the sea.

In prehistoric times the races known as Celtic occupied its valley, but were driven out by the Teutons. During the time of Rome supremacy, the Rhine was the frontier between the territories of the empire and those held by the barbarians. On its left bank flourished a great civilization, built by the Romans, while on the other side were unbroken forests peopled by the blonde savages that were ultimately to dominate the earth.

Following the barbaric invasions which wrecked the Roman empire, the Rhenish civilization declined, but the valley was again a center of culture and industry during the reign of Charlemagne.

The Rhine occupies a peculiar place in German life. It is a center of tradition, a great name in the literature and legend of the country. "Father Rhine" is in Teuton folk lore and race consciousness somewhat as the Mississippi, "father of waters," is in the lore and legend of the American Indian.

The romantic beauty of the Rhine is traditional—but for the most part nothing more. Its high banks, which were crowned by romantic castles in medieval days, show the effects of the ceaseless, calculating industry of the modern Teuton. Stone quarries mar the cliffs, the smoke of factories hangs over the water, and industrial towns growing rapidly into ugly cities sprawl along its shores.

THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

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TERMS OF ADMISSION

THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, established by act approved March 1st, 1882, offers its advantages on the following conditions: The candidate must be a resident of the State not less than six years nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of application and any desired information in regard to the school may be obtained by writing to the following address,

ALVIN E. POPE, Superintendent,
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, TRENTON, N. J.

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Faculty Counselor for Boys

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